Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Juliet Duff

The Only Daughter of Lady de Grey

No. 13.—Vol. I.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A stander-By.

March 2, 1904

It is rather interesting, at this juncture in the affairs of Russia, to observe the attitude of that pathetic victim of circumstances, the Tsar. He is naturally not only a very humane gentleman, but, in consequence, a sincere friend of peace.

He is also, more than any other monarch, in the hands of his ministers, and reading between the lines it is fairly obvious that Nicholas II. was persuaded into believing that the entire sympathies of Christendom were on the side of Holy Russia. The truth having been thrust upon him, he is naturally indignant. His depression, we learn, has of late been painful to witness; and, like many amiable but weak men, he has suddenly developed tendencies which are somewhat alarming to his immediate circle of attendants.

Thus war warps the mind! If evidence were required that warfare was the outcome of reaction, it would be proved sufficiently, I think, by the mental processes which the minds of those concerned undergo. They are no longer able to balance the *pros* against the *cons*; their sense of justice and fairness evaporates to a diminishing point. The Tsar, for instance, in reply to a patriotic deputation, is reported to have replied: "*Trusting in God's help, and convinced of the justice of our cause*, I am persuaded that the army and fleet will do all becoming the valiant arms of Russia to maintain *the honour and glory of Russia.*"

Well, these sentiments may seem very right and proper to the Russians. No doubt they do, but the world outside, not afflicted with war fever, cannot help feeling the mockery of these words. Why should God's help be granted, one may well ask, to the detriment of Japan and for the honour and glory of Russia? Has the rule of Russia in the past been so conducive to the happiness and gain of mankind generally that we should wish to see her triumph at the expense of a nation whose record of justice and humanity to its people is far greater?

Nor is the Tsar's exhortation of "the justice of our cause" limited to his subjects. Russia has favoured the Cabinets of the other Powers with a Note which avers that Japan's acts since the rupture of negotiations "constitute a flagrant breach of international law,'" and consequently the Russian Government enters its solemn protest, which we are called upon to witness. Whether this flapdoodle deceives anyone outside of Russia may be doubted, but, for the reasons already explained, it is most probable that every Russian, from the Tsar down to the humblest of his subjects, feels very ill-treated because Japan, after having been menaced by Russia for years, after having been deprived by her of the fruits of victory over China, after having seen those same fruits grabbed by the Russian, and after having been deceived again and again by broken promises—because, I say, after all this, Japan did not send a formal Note to the effect that on such a given day and at such a given time she intended to attack Port Arthur with her fleet. The weight of every international jurist of standing as well as precedent is against Russia in her assertion that Japan's action has constituted a breach of international law.

It is a pity Russia has not recognised this, for, as it is, her declaration of *mala fides* will tend to make this already deplorable strife even more bitter. And both sides will suffer additionally because of a foolish piece of *amour propre.*

In an amusing case at the Law Courts, last week, a Glasgow lady was asked whether a certain omnibus was going fast. Her reply was that she came from Glasgow, and 'buses and everything else in London seemed to her to go very slowly. Anyone acquainted with the electric trams flashing through the streets of our provincial cities will bear this out. We do move slowly in London. Even the hansom cab covers the ground at a comparatively slow rate owing to the cumbrous omnibuses which block and crowd every thoroughfare. There is a deal to say against permitting electric cars in our principal streets, for, quite apart from æsthetic reasons, their presence would practically amount to a monopoly of the thoroughfares to the detriment of other traffic.

Now, however, is the era of the motor-car, and already motor omnibuses are plying in certain districts with success. In towns like Eastbourne they have proved not only a boon to the community but a financial success. The London omnibus companies are content to remain behind those of every other city, and until Londoners insist on reform in the matter of street service, no doubt we shall continue our 4-miles-an-hour 'bus. What is needed to bring the present omnibus companies to their senses is some competition, and unless they shortly awaken from their lethargy, we shall hope to see a company formed for a thorough London service of motor omnibuses. As time is money to all of us, it is plain which service would be the better patronised and then—too late, probably—the present companies would find their patrons gone for ever. Will they awake in time to the crying needs of Londoners?

The Bystander in Parliament

Someone has said that Parliament can do anything except change a man into a woman. If that be true, then Mr. William Field, the hon. and long-haired member for the St. Patrick's Division of Dublin, was justified in calling attention the other day to the dastardly conduct of the Gulf Stream. That stream, according to Mr. Field, had, by flowing in a certain direction for centuries, produced a particular sort of climate in Ireland, but of late the Gulf Stream has played Ireland false, and has left the Emerald Isle in the lurch.

This is a real grievance—worse than the Financial Relations, more trying than the Congested Districts, more serious than the system which causes Ireland to be overcrowded by absentee landlords. Moreover, it is clearly a matter for which the Saxon is responsible. Does not the Saxon announce in moments of postprandial rapture that Britannia rules the waves? Of course he does, and in that way he shows his connivance at, or complicity in, the conduct of the Gulf Stream. Whether the Foreign Office, or the Admiralty, or the Chief Secretary is to be blamed I know not; but Mr. William Field is of opinion that something should be done, and I think so, too.

When a man complained to Sydney Smith that someone had cursed the North Pole, the wise and witty canon replied that he once heard a man speak disrespectfully of the equator. In the same way, there are men prepared to dismiss the Gulf Stream—the hot water supply of a hemisphere—with a shrug and a jest. This will never do. It seems to me that Ireland can claim security of tenure, or perhaps the phrase should be continuity of supply, in this matter. Why should a nation's hot water be cut off without notice? The grievance is all the greater when we remember that the natives of the nation in question are so continually in hot water that such surroundings are a second nature to them.

Perhaps a Royal Commission might sit on the Gulf Stream. I know that there are at present about a dozen Royal Commissions considering different things; indeed, I have suggested the appointment of an additional Royal Commission, to find out what the others are doing, and to report the progress (if any) they have made, a suggestion which the authorities have ignored with characteristic fatuity. But this is no reason why we should not have a Commission, or a departmental Committee—a hybrid, select, or not select Committee—to go thoroughly into the Gulf Stream, and to thrash it out. If Mr. Field feels inclined to move for some such inquiry he is at liberty to mention my name, and this would ensure his proposal receiving all the attention it deserves.

In any case the honourable gentleman is entitled to move the adjournment of the House to call attention to the Gulf Stream as a definite matter of urgent public importance. Every man who thinks Imperially must wish the Gulf-Stream to run straight. If the great forces of Nature begin to play us false where are we?

At a time when the Gulf Stream is suspected of dodging round corners, the old question—"Stands Scotland where it did?" receives a new significance—and this, too, might form the subject of an inquiry, or a motion for the adjournment. Mr. James Caldwell and Mr. Galloway Weir are not likely to overlook this.

Let me not, however, allow this Irish grievance to be merged in any question about the precise locality of Scotland. Mr. Field is an old Parliamentary hand, and he knows well enough that it will not do merely to complain of the diversion of the Gulf Stream as a matter of sentiment. He must show that definite and obvious damage has resulted, and this he has done. For the other day he said that there was a time when, with a better and more genial climate, Ireland was covered with forests from shore to shore. The connection between Field and forest need not be insisted upon. It is recognised in Milton's well-known line about "fresh woods and pastures new."

It was while insisting upon this fact that Ireland was full of trees that Mr. Field related an incident to the astonished House, an incident so amazing as to lead to polite coughs on the part of the hon. gentlemen. It was out of order for members to suggest scepticism in the manner favoured by the distinguished ecclesiastic of whom Ingoldsby relates that:

> The Sacristan he said no word to indicate a doubt,
> But he put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out.

So they coughed, and the University members, as became ripe classical scholars, murmured something about "*cum grano salis.*"

What Mr. Field told them was that he knew a Galway man whose father had walked for ten miles on the top of the trees in Connemara. Many a brave Irishman has been up a tree since then, and thousands of them have "hopped the twig"—but that feat has remained unrivalled. The name of the hero of this walk was not given, but there is reason to presume that the gentleman's name was Walker. These tree-top strolls have been made impossible by the unworthy conduct of the Gulf Stream, and what is wanted is not mere denunciation, but a practical policy.

It is possible to combine the two. Let some cunning engineer construct a mighty dam to turn back the Gulf Stream into its old ways. Thus Ireland will come into her own again and the wandering stream will be dammed—and this is exactly what I understood Mr. Field wished to do, though the rules of procedure hindered him from doing it.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

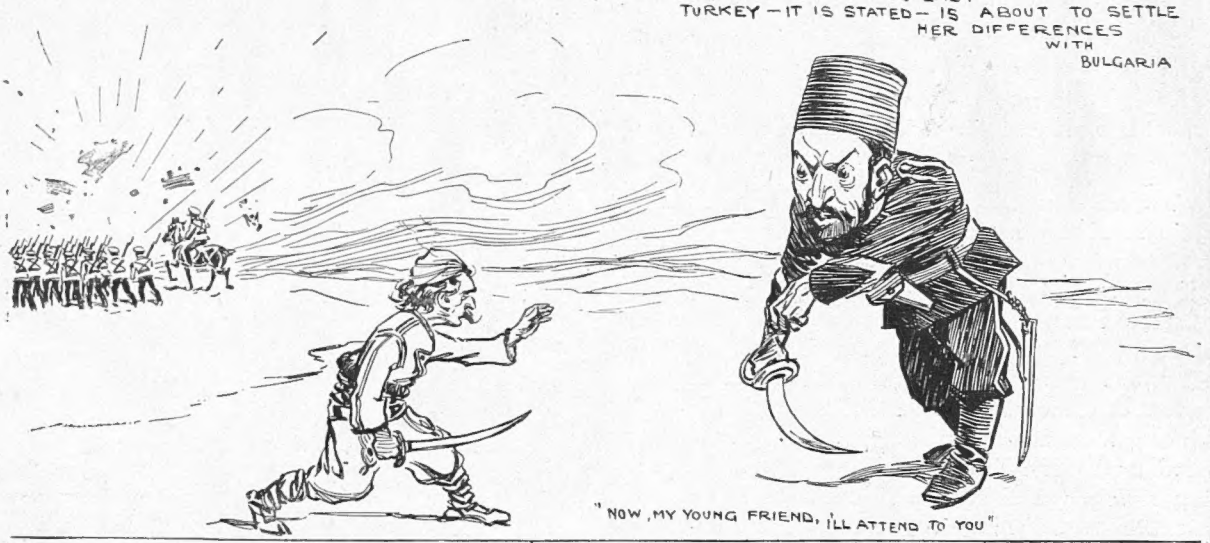
TO LIMIT THE INORDINATE LENGTH OF SPEECHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

SIR CARNE RASCH IS STILL WANDERING ROUND THE JABBERWOCK—AS HE CALLS IT—TRYING TO FIND A VULNERABLE SPOT IN THE HARNESS OF EXCESSIVE LOQUACITY WHEREIN TO INSERT HIS RESOLUTION

A GRAND OLD WARRIOR

(SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT THE AGE OF 77 HAS ACCEPTED THE PRESIDENCY OF THE EIGHTY CLUB)

RUSSIA BEING FULLY ENGAGED IN THE FAR EAST TURKEY—IT IS STATED—IS ABOUT TO SETTLE HER DIFFERENCES WITH BULGARIA



"NOW, MY YOUNG FRIEND, I'LL ATTEND TO YOU"

"I DONT KNOW WHETHER YOUR EYES ARE BETTER THAN MINE BUT AT PRESENT I AM DOUBTFUL WHICH IS THE BIGGER OF THESE TWO LOA—COINS"

F.G.

THE GREAT GREY KANGAROO "YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY!—HOW DARE YOU?—WHY YOU'LL BE CALLING ME A WALLABY NEXT."

WARNER'S OBJECTION TO GILLINAN AS UMPIRE ON THE GROUND OF HIS INEXPERIENCE AND LACK OF ABILITY WAS CHARACTERISED AS "DISCOURTEOUS, IMPOLITIC AND IMPERTINENT."

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Ellis Jeffreys,

The Charming Comedienne, who was Recently Married to Mr. Herbert Sleath, well known in Sporting and Dramatic Circles

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Amateur Theatricals at Claridge's Hotel.

The most ambitious item included in the programme of theatricals which constituted the evening attraction at Claridge's Hotel in connection with the *fête* on behalf of the League of Mercy was unquestionably the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*, which was given in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and a very distinguished audience, including the Countess of Airlie, Sir Arthur Bigge, and the Hon. Derek Keppel, who were in

Hon. Stephen Powys as Joseph Surface

Hon. W. H. Goschen as Sir Peter Teazle

CHARACTERS FROM THE RECENT AMATEUR PRESENTATION OF THE SCREEN SCENE FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT CLARIDGE'S HOTEL IN AID OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY

attendance on their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Georgiana Countess of Dudley, Lord and Lady Wolverton, Lady Howe, and Lady Garvagh. Mr. Alan Mackinnon, the Hon. Stephen Powys, and the Hon. W. H. Goschen, in their respective parts as Charles Surface, Joseph Surface, and Sir Peter Teazle, have already been many times associated. They appeared at Cannes, when they were assisted by that brilliant actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Lady Teazle; and they have been seen in the country, with Lady Lathom as a very charming Lady Teazle. On the recent occasion this part was undertaken by Miss Margaret Evans Gordon, an exceedingly clever amateur.

General Kuropatkin—Minister and Man

General Kuropatkin is not by any means a lover of peace, but as Minister of War in Russia he has enjoyed peculiar opportunities for judging the position in which Russia is placed at the present moment. There is, perhaps, little doubt that this officer ranks with the most distinguished generals in the service, his experience of war extending throughout a number of years, and touching, in turn, every phase of Russian development. He has seen Russia grow, and he has fostered her expansion by service which he has rendered in the important appointments which he has filled. As a soldier, his lines have been cast with the advance of Russia across Asia, and in the bureaux of St. Petersburg; and, although his experience may be calculated to promote a rooted conviction in the irresistible might of his country, he is wise in war and experienced in the preparations which make war possible.

Photo by *Pasetti*

General Kuropatkin

Who has been relieved of his post as Minister of War at St. Petersburg, and is starting for the Far East to act as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian troops

Those who know General Kuropatkin are in no way surprised that the Tsar should have entrusted him with the command of the Russian troops in the field. He is rough in his manner and aggressive in his prejudices. As a soldier he is fearless, stubborn, and contemptuous of advice; but experience of high office in St. Petersburg has made him in some degree amenable to the patronage of those who live in palaces. At heart, however, he is little of the courtier and even less of the diplomatist; but the knowledge that his own interests are governed by the measure of his obedience to the wishes of the Tsar renders it unlikely that he will make any departure from the letter of his instructions.

The Tsar

In this tenth year of his reign the young Autocrat of All the Russias, who is not yet thirty-six, is a sad example of the difficulties that beset an idealist monarch. The lament over the outbreak of the war in the Far East which he instructed M. Muravieff to

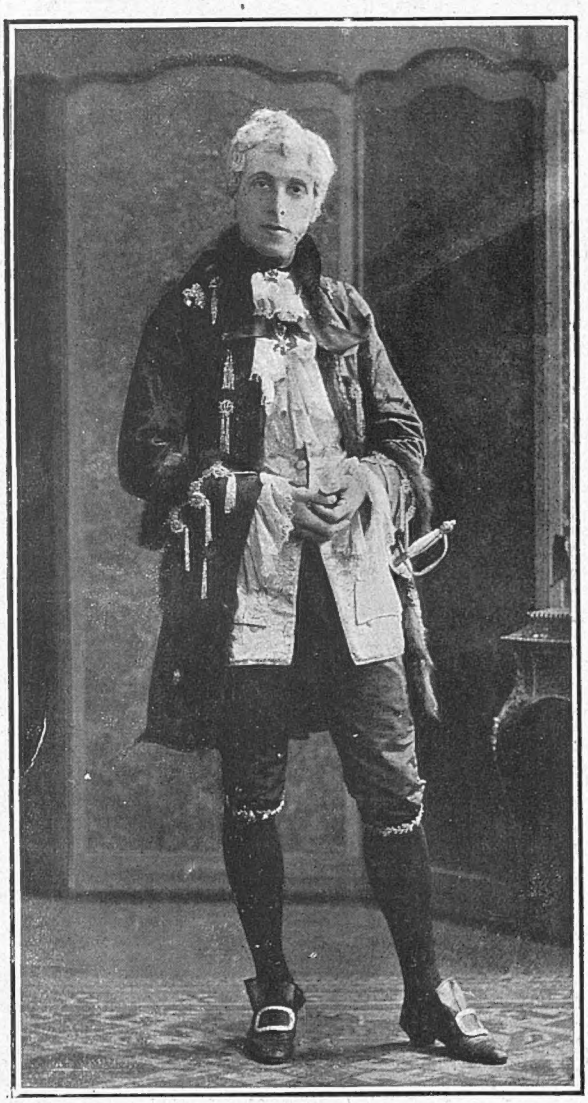


Photo by *Glanville*

Mr. Alan Mackinnon, who Played Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal," at Claridge's Hotel

pronounce before The Hague Tribunal the other day, with its insistence on the "unexpected hostile attack" of Japan, no doubt reflects the Tsar's sentiments and views on the struggle, but to outsiders it is sufficiently plain that the war party which lately obtained ascendancy in his counsels regard their master's scruples about fighting with impatience. Not to be a big enough man for one's work is the lot of many, and the monstrous Empire of Russia presents, let it be said, in justice, too great a task for any human being. Yet the Tsar is by no means without influence in his own council chamber. He has undoubtedly postponed the conflict between Japan and Russia on more than one occasion. He has now, it is said, insisted on an inquiry into the opening disasters at Port Arthur being undertaken. Among personal characteristics, the Tsar's very emotional nature is perhaps the most marked, though he keeps his feelings under very strict control. Nicholas II. is a very fine linguist, a good classical scholar, and a sportsman who, like our own King, has won a race on his own horse. Sir Lyon Playfair found him "singularly well read," especially in the matter of geography. The Tsar is a keen musician, and has even learned to play the banjo. The ardour with which he followed up the pursuit of a Stradivarius violin which was stolen from him last year will long be remembered at the Ministry of Police.

A Photograph of the Tsar and Tsaritsa Attired in Native XVII. Century Dress

These sumptuous robes, worn by the Boyars (Russian noblemen) are literally encrusted with gems

Photo by *Thomson*

A Famous Lady Missionary: Miss A. K. Taylor and Her Attendants

Miss Taylor was the only lady missionary in Tibet, whence she has recently returned. Accompanied by the two servants shown in our illustration, this plucky woman has penetrated to the most inaccessible districts, receiving a warm welcome from the wives of the chiefs

In the match between Tottenham Hotspur and Aston Villa, in the second round of the Association Cup Competition, the crowd assembled at the Tottenham Ground was so great that play was impossible. In the second half, the referee decided to stop the match, and the players had to leave the field. This will not rank as a Cup Tie match. One goal was scored, Aston Villa securing it

A FOOTBALL FIASCO

AN APPRECIATION OF SIR JOHN TENNIEL

By ARTHUR WILLIAM À BECKETT

On February 28, 1820, was born John Tenniel, so on February 28, 1904, the great artist completed his eighty-fourth year. He is still the great artist, as the splendid cartoon he drew for the opening number of 1901 for the paper he served so well is still unsurpassed. The story of his connection with *Punch* has often been told, and should be instructive to the rising generation of draughtsmen in black and white. The pencil at Burlington House is regarded as the Cinderella of the Arts, with the palette and the modelling clay as the two proud sisters. Not a single draughtsman has been elected, *qua* draughtsman, an Associate. Certainly Fildes and Stone made their mark in what was once known at the "Mansion House" as periodical art, but they owe their Academic honours to oil colours. Gilbert was the prince of illustrators for the cheap romances of mid-Victorian days, and Millais drew for *Once a Week*, but Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, and last, and certainly not least, John Tenniel, were ignored. It was left to Royalty to honour the finest cartoonist that ever lived in the absence of the recognition that should have been accorded to him by his peers.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Yours ever
John Tenniel

John Tenniel is the last survivor of those who sat at "the table" with Gilbert Abbott À Beckett and Douglas Jerrold. When he was on the road to fame as a historical painter, when he had supplied a prize design for the frescoes of the new Palace of Westminster, he was called to Bouverie Street to take the place of "Dicky" Doyle, who had left *Punch* in consequence of the tone adopted by "the staff" anent the so-called "Papal aggression." And for just half a century John Tenniel sat at "the mahogany tree" which Thackeray has rendered famous. I remember him when I was a child, and have to this day a water-colour study of him when he was minus a moustache and plus a large pair of whiskers. It is pleasant to me to think that as my father collaborated with John Leech, he also collaborated with John Tenniel. Just before his death in 1856, Gilbert Abbott À Beckett was engaged upon a series for *Punch* called "A Guide to the Crystal Palace." The large transept of the Exhibition of 1851 had been removed from Hyde Park to become one of the two minor transepts at Sydenham. The splendid courts—now almost neglected—showing the art of ancient Rome and Greece, Egypt and the Moors, were the talk of the town. So my father supplied "Mr. Punch's Guide to the Crystal Palace," and the illustrations were contributed by young John Tenniel. But my father did not die until he saw his collaborator on the road to success as a *Punch* cartoonist. Until the death of John Leech, John Tenniel shared with him the honour of contributing the large cut to the *London Charivari*. After the death of Leech, Tenniel, until the hour of his retirement, became the one and only cartoonist of *Punch*. On very rare occasions — not more than a dozen times in the course of half a century — his place was taken by a colleague. Students of back volumes of *Punch* will find cartoons by Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, and Linley Sambourne, but certainly not to the number I have quoted. It was my privilege, for a quarter of a century, to sit at the same table with John Tenniel, and, as chance would have it, I was nearly as constant a guest of Bouverie Street as he. From 1881 to 1901 I was assistant editor, and, in the absence of the editor, had to take the chair. In the dead season of the year, when all the staff were away, it has happened that the famous *Punch* table has dwindled down from a merry company of fourteen *convives* to a *tête-à-tête* banquet of "Jackides" and myself. I shall never forget the trouble we had over the subject of one cartoon which, when "thought out," had to be submitted to superior authority. The superior authority would have naught of it and wanted something else. Something else was supplied, and then the superior authority a week afterwards came round to the opinion that the original scheme—the work of "Jackides" and myself—just

suited the situation. I must confess that I was delighted when the superior authority really took a real holiday and on board a yacht was without an address and could not get letters or send suggestions by the electric telegraph. For this quarter of a century I had the privilege of sitting next but one to Tenniel at the *Punch* table—divided from the great artist by my friend Mr. Linley Sambourne—save when, in the absence of the Editor, I presided, when our cartoonist was next to me on my right hand. During that twenty-five years I can honestly say that not a single cartoon appeared in *Punch* that did not owe half its value to the personal, artistic talent of John Tenniel. The story of how a cartoon is "thought out" has been told by Mr. Spielmann in his excellent "History of *Punch*," and repeated by more recent writers, so it is common knowledge that all the *Punch* men have fingers in the artistic pies served up hot a week after the date of their concoction. No doubt this person thought of this, and that person of that, but the cartoon, with all its strength, was the work of John Tenniel. Now and again the great artist was half driven out of his mind by some unpractical suggestion. I myself have been guilty, in the enthusiasm of the moment, of proposing some detail utterly out of place, thinking that the significance of the design might, by its adoption, be strengthened. Tenniel was always kind and thoughtful. He would turn the matter over in his mind, and then give his decision. "My dear boy," he would say, "it can't be done."

And that decision was final. Sometimes, however, the design would be entirely his own. He would suggest the subject, and it would be adopted with enthusiasm. Every man at the table knew that when Tenniel "felt" a subject, the result would be superb. Tom Taylor was rather a masterful editor, and inclined to force his own ideas upon his colleagues, silencing their objections by telling them courteously and amiably they were talking adjectived nonsense. I remember, during the Russo-Turkish War, Taylor insisted upon a Derby cut showing the Sultan mounted on a horse shying at some Russian soldiers who had taken refuge in a pit, presumably in the neighbourhood of Tattenham corner. "Jackides" protested, but ultimately promised to do his best. He did not quite "feel" it, but he would do his best; and, in spite of the ridiculous character of the design, the cartoon was capital.

I must confess that I have always considered his retirement from *Punch* premature, and I call, as a witness, his last cartoon, to which I have already referred. It showed the Angel of Peace with the new born year in her arms shielding the babe from the terrors of war. It was the unaided conception of the artist, and certainly was one of the finest drawings in thought, treatment, and draughtsmanship that he had ever contributed. "High water mark" was the universal verdict.

His retirement came as a surprise to his colleagues. I did not know of the impending blow until I read the Editor's announcement that the retirement had taken place, and the decision was final. Only a few weeks before the regrettable event—it was regrettable—the staff had presented a silver cigar cabinet to their greatly honoured colleague. Linley Sambourne had designed the box, which had for its cover the famous portrait of Punch reproduced as a statuette; there was a suitable inscription, with the signatures of the staff given in facsimile. The secret of the date for the presentation was well kept. It was a regulation that all the *Punch* men should turn up at the Wednesday culinary parade; but the regulation was sometimes ignored by men with other engagements. But on this occasion it was to be a case of "must," and in duty bound the full strength of the company put in an appearance. There was but one absentee—"Jackides" himself! Sir John, at the last moment, was obliged to send an excuse. He had caught a chill, and was not able to go out. I do not remember such a thing happening before in all my long experience of the Bouverie Street banquets. What was to be done? There was a silver cabinet waiting to be presented, and there was the empty chair. A consultation was held after the "large cut" and "cartoon junior" had been "schemed." It was decided that a deputation, carrying the cabinet, should start for the Portsdown Road. Sir William Agnew was one of those chosen to represent the staff, and I was another delegate. We called upon Sir John and found the great artist still up. He was delighted with the piece of plate and the congratulations which accompanied it. It came to him as a surprise and a pleasure. Later on, he made a farewell speech to his colleagues of Bouverie Street, when the announcement of his retirement—which was to be final—was made in an "Editorial." It was very eloquent and touched those present—I think I may venture to say without an exception—to the quick. But it was not so eloquent as the golden silence at the great banquet given by the public—not by *Punch*—to the cartoonist of the age. Mr. Arthur Balfour was in the chair, and he proposed the health of "the great artist and the great gentleman." Sir John rose to reply, and was greeted with enthusiasm by the mighty company (in which appeared, here and there, the faces of his fellow-workers on the paper they all loved so well) who eagerly awaited his utterance. Then came the golden silence. Sir John was so overcome by the welcome of the representatives of the nation—not only of poor little Bouverie Street—that he could not speak half a dozen words! He thanked his brilliant audience. He tried to speak. There was a deep silence. He sat down. Then came such a burst of cheering that it was a wonder that the windows were not broken. I have seen a good deal of enthusiasm in my time, but never in my life did I witness such a wild excitement, such a frenzy of approbation. "Tenniel! Tenniel! Tenniel!" the shouts are still ringing in my ears.

Since his retirement I have seen my old friend but rarely. Still, the Christmas greeting of 1902-1903, with the well-known signature, bears no traces of uncertainty of touch.

Well, Sunday, February 28, was his eighty-fourth birthday. All the British nation will offer their congratulations to Sir John, and I, as his fellow-worker for more than a quarter of a century, humbly bare my head with the rest to "Jackides" and wish him—"great artist and great gentleman"—many happy returns of the day.

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE WAR OF THE CHILDREN

Last week I permitted myself, in the defence of romancing, to say something disrespectful about modern machinery. The results of my utterance, made in oblivion of the deadly power wielded by THE BYSTANDER, have been so terrible (three celebrated inventors having died of a broken heart, and one electrical engineer having flung himself under the wheels of his own patent tram-car) that I felt that I must moderate, or, rather, correct the statement a little. Properly speaking, there is nothing discreditable, and certainly nothing unpoetical, about machinery itself. It is the attitude towards it that is wrong, and the curious thing is that the attitude towards machinery is wrong because it is insufficiently appreciated. Anybody who thinks that machinery is, in itself, unromantic, can, surely, never have taken a boy of seven to a railway station.

The present age shows its materialism by its relation to machinery. But it does not show it by thinking too much of machinery. It shows it by thinking too little of machinery. We are base because we do think the electric car a base matter because we have no sentiment of a wild and pagan poetry, no touch of a reckless nature worship when we leap into the chariot of the lightning. The evil is not that our tools and our conveyances are mechanical, the evil is that our minds are mechanical. The evil is that our thoughts have the monotonous clatter of many wheels, that our emotions repeat themselves with the dismal energy of the piston-rod. We stoke into ourselves the divine and surprising materials which go to make up our breakfast with the same automatic receptiveness with which an engine accepts its coal. We come back to the mystic temple of the home, the oldest of all the temples, where dwell the dim gods of a primeval loyalty; and we often are not impressed with any decent terror or thankfulness any more than a moderately susceptible Inner Circle train could be expected to hail with wild joy the hundredth appearance of Praed Street Station.

Alas! it is not we who are making so much machinery, but the machinery that is making so many men. I am perfectly willing to reverence a sausage machine (it was essential to the fairy drama of my childhood), but though I am willing to reverence a sausage machine, I am disinclined to be a sausage. I wish machinery to be full of the song and the spirit of man; I do not wish man to be full of the song and spirit of machinery; the heartless and hopeless harmony of the wheel. At present it is machinery that is working us. I never can see a man turning a handle for a few minutes without being filled with a strange conviction that the handle is turning the man's arm

And it is not difficult to see that because we have lost the sense of the poetry of invention we are gradually losing the sense of the practicability of it In spite of all our talk about efficiency (or perhaps because of it) we are not growing more efficient. There was a brief period when the great modern men of science were full of the wine of the poets, and then they effected enormous and indispensable things. There was a time when politics took on the colours of heaven and hell, and then great changes were made, changes which came to stay. But hundreds of little indications visible to any tolerably sensitive civic eye are telling us now that under all our pomp of precision things and men are looser and lazier.

Scientific war seems more incalculable and disappointing than any other kind of war; the moment it breaks out it breaks down. Except in a few happy spots, full of a special enthusiasm, modern politics, local and Imperial, are choked with the *débris* of failures. The reason is very simple; it is because we cannot love our machinery and rejoice in it. And the remedy, the logical and philosophical remedy, is very simple also. It is to put all our politics and all our military affairs into the hands of the little boy who runs to see "puffers" at the railway station. To him machinery is still a fairy-tale; that is to say, it is a thing for which men will work hard and die cheerfully.

You think this is an exaggeration. You think it nonsense to say that men would work the modern system better if they had the eyes and minds of excited infants, if they saw a military map like a coloured picture book, if they had an irresistible impulse to float their ironclads in the nursery bath. Let me tell you a parable.

Suppose there were somewhere in some strange seas of the sunrise an island of children; a nation with the childish laughter and oddity. Suppose their whole life was in toy-land. Suppose their houses were almost made of paper. Suppose they loved pictures of animals as children do, and games, and songs about flowers. And suppose this people suddenly saw machinery and loved it and flung themselves into it with an infant ardour, and made war on one of the great mechanical empires, heavy and *blasé* with its guns and wheels. And suppose at the first shock at least the whole vast mountain of European monotony reeled and reeled again, I can almost fancy as I write that I hear the booming of the guns.

FROM ABROAD

Photo by *Peirce and Jones*

Our Illustration Shows a Wrecked Fire Engine, which was Caught in the Rush of Flame in front of the National Exchange Bank at Baltimore. The Firemen Escaped Just in Time, Leaving the Engine to its Fate as th Walls Fell

Photo by *Lazarinck*

Looking Towards the City Hall, Across the Ruins of Some of the City's Finest Business Premises

VIEWS OF THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE

The Ruins of what was once an Important Baltimore Thoroughfare. Altogether, an Area of Two Square Miles was Laid Waste

Photos by *Lazarinck*

Along the Canal: A Good View, Showing the Absolute Destruction Caused by the Fire which Burnt altogether some 2,500 Buildings, and Devastated Property Valued at Something like £15,000,000 sterling

AMONG THE RUINS AT BALTIMORE

A Street in the Native Quarter of the Town of San Remo

San Remo stands on rising ground, on a bay in the Gulf of Genoa, twenty-six miles by rail from Nice. The shelter of the hills behind makes it one of the most pleasant of the Riviera winter resorts, and there is always a large colony of English people in residence there. At the present time the season is at its height, although not so gay as is usually the case. There are many distinguished people staying there

A Picturesque View of the Old Town of San Remo, Seen from Below

There are two quarters at San Remo, of which the older and more picturesque is shown in our illustrations. Built on the hill, it is inhabited by the native population, and consists of steep narrow streets. The newer and more palatial portion, in which visitors reside, contains many handsome villas and hotels

THE SEASON AT SAN REMO: GLIMPSES OF THE OLD TOWN

The Wharfs and Warehouses Along the Waterside at Algiers

A walk through the old town in which the wharfs are situated is most interesting, the streets being very picturesque and thronged with quaintly dressed Arabs, the women all having their faces covered

View of the Town from the Kasbah (Citadel)

Algiers rises from the seashore up the sides of a precipitous hill. At the apex is the Kasbah, the ancient fortress of the *deys*, which is 500 feet above sea-level

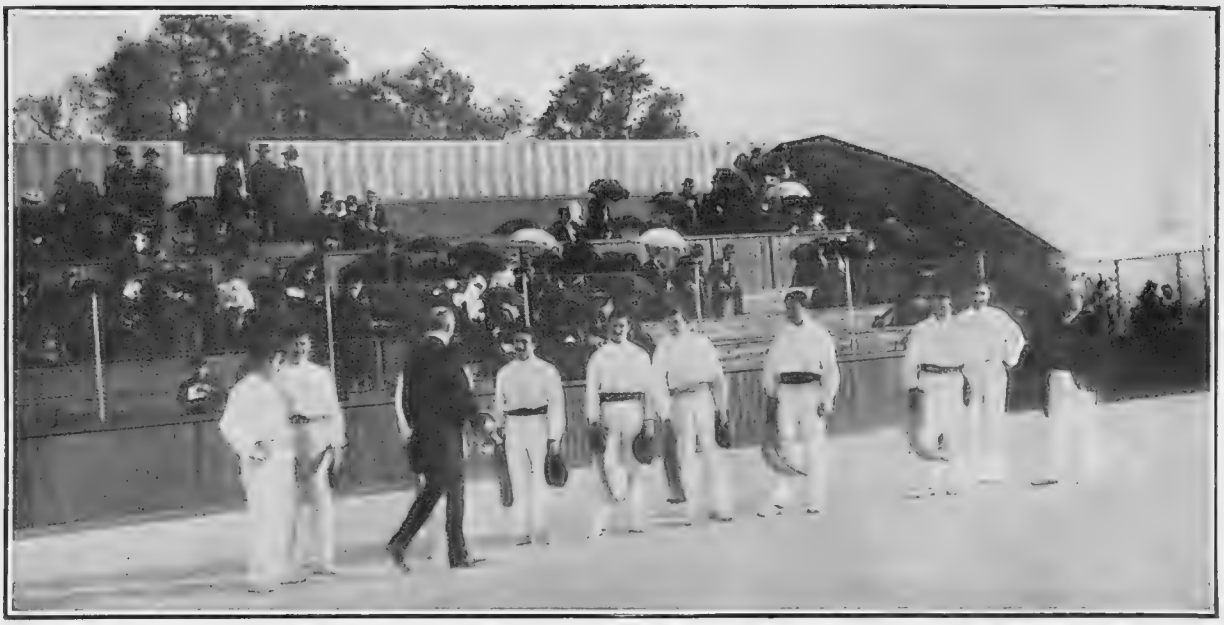
Place du Gouvernement, Showing the New Mosque

The modern town is well laid out with very fine boulevards, handsome buildings, all painted white, and pretty gardens

On the Terrace of the Hotel St. George at Mustapha Supérieur

Situated on a hill three miles out of the town, Mustapha Supérieur is the chief residential portion of Algiers. The view from the terraces of the various hotels is magnificent. Across the bay rises a range of mountains, many of them capped with snow. In the foreground are beautiful shady trees and a great variety of palms. The paths are lined with aloes, great bushes of prickly pears, and cacti. The ground is carpeted with flowers, and the trelisses covered with roses

THE SEASON AT ALGIERS



The Players ("Pelotari") Wear, on the Right Hand, a Curiously Shaped "Glove," or "Racquet," made of Basket-work

The Court Contains Two Walls, 66 yds. apart, and it is not uncommon for a Player to Make the Ball Rebound from One Wall to the Other

Photos by] Player Making a Drive [*Raphael*

THE NEW BASQUE BALL GAME, "PELOTA," AT NICE

The Basque Ball Game

Nice has gone crazy, as did Paris last year, over the Basque ball game, la Pelote Basque, as it is called, for which a court has just been built upon the Côte d'Azur. The game may be described as one something between racquets and fives, or, even better, something between fives and tennis (not lawn tennis). The "glove" or "racquet," which is securely strapped on to the right hand of the player, is made of basket-work, and is in the form of a cornucopia cut in section. The court is 66 yards from wall to wall, the front wall being forty feet in height, the rear wall twenty. The game is played by six pelotari, three to a side, and played for sixty points. Both strength and skill are requisite to play it, as may be gathered from the fact that a very usual stroke is one by which the ball (kid-covered and a little larger than a racquet ball), after striking the forty foot wall, rebounds on to a corner of the rear wall, 66 yards behind it. Excitement, as the game goes on, is so infectious that spectators not only applaud good strokes, but shower money on the men who make them, and it is not an uncommon sight, indeed, for women to throw their rings, and men their scarf-pins, to a player who has made a successful and sensational stroke.

A Grotto in the Glacier des Bosson near Chamounix
This grotto is one of the largest of its kind in Switzerland

Excursions from Grindelwald

The Faulkhorn, 2,685 mètres in height, is a favourite excursion from Grindelwald and Meiringen, both in summer and winter, because from its summit one of the most magnificent views of the Bernese Oberland heights is obtained, and also because a good track, in gentle slopes, leads one to the top without much fatigue. The mountain seems to rise sheer out the lovely little lake of Brienz, and on a fine day the lakes of the Quatre-Cantons, Lucerne, and even the Lake of Neuchatel in the far west may be plainly seen. In winter the lazy ones can be dragged up by porters in a rough kind of sledge peculiar to this district—shown in the photo.

The Faulkhorn: A Favourite Excursion from Grindelwald and Meiringen

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF TRAVELLING MANKIND

Reflections upon Collectors in General

In "The Yellow Van," which is a novel designed in part, I should imagine, with the charitable—and perhaps superfluous—object of giving Americans a good opinion of themselves, Mr. Whiteing draws the picture of a lord who had achieved originality by collecting railway and tram tickets. As a matter of fact, one would have to go much farther afield than railway tickets before one could claim to be an original collector. I know at least two men—not lords—who have collected railway tickets for years and they never yet dreamt of thinking themselves unique. Even the addition of tube and theatre tickets to their hordes would not make them so.

Whose Name is Legion

It is very doubtful indeed if any novelist, first-class or otherwise, could think of a collection which would in any sense be called original, for the collectors' name is legion and their fads more than a statistician would care to deal with. Still—if there is anyone anxious to make a collection which if not precisely new would at any rate be useful—I think I can suggest a subject for his endeavours. That is to collect instances of the folly of railway managers. If there is a man for whom I personally have a natural respect, it is a railway manager. I have never met one in the flesh, and my correspondence with them has been limited to questions of lost umbrellas and bags and tempers—questions which I have not the vanity to suppose have ever been answered by the great men themselves.

Suggest the Notion

In spite of this want of experience at first hand, I have, as I say, a natural respect for railway managers. They represent, as it seems to me, more than any other class of men, that innate conservatism, statuesque impenetrability to ideas, deliberate inability to regard the wants of their customers, which we are accustomed to consider in this country the signs and symbols of the business man. The railway manager is, in fact, the business man—*par excellence*, in excelsis, and, in plain English, through and through. That is why railway travelling in England is so exceedingly uncomfortable.

That a Collector of the

I do not say that railway travelling in any other country that I know of is perfection. In Italy, for example, if one may judge from the English traveller who writes to the papers every year regularly to say that his portmanteau has been stolen between Rome and Orvietto, brigands abound upon the lines in far greater numbers than they should do in a civilised country. In America, the railways appear to do their best to discourage life insurance offices. In Spain, I believe it is considered quicker to take a mule than a train, but there is more room to stretch yourself on the latter.

Follies

Whereas, of course, our guards, our expresses, the scenery from many of our carriages (when you can see through the windows), one or two wayside stations where the station-master has a passion for gardening, our time-tables, our railway bookstalls containing the pick of English literature, our bell-pulls, our engine-drivers, our stokers, our coal, and—I am afraid I can think of nothing else for the present—are all things to be proud of. They could not be beaten, and I am very ready to admit it. I do not wish to deprive our railway managers of any of the credit they can by any possible means claim for themselves. They need all they can get.

Of Our Railway System

They also need to be reminded of one or two things. For example, this is the Twentieth Century. Where discomfort to passengers can be avoided without increase of expense, it is as well to avoid it. Finance is not a matter of forcing upon employés and customers alike all the anguish of mental arithmetic anent every triviality and upon every possible occasion. The need of repeating this last moral axiom to the railway manager is brought home by the recent decision of the railways with regard to third-class return tickets. We all know now that from the next 1st of July a third-class return will be available for six months, provided it covers a distance of twenty miles. What we all want to know is why it has taken the managerial mind the best part of a century to discover that there was no reason on earth why a return ticket should not be available for six months or—for that matter—six years, seeing that it is the simplest rule of self-interest that money received for doing nothing—for six months or sixty months—is money gained, and not—as managers appear to have thought—money lost.

Which is in Some Ways Excellent

Such, however, appears to be our surprise when a thing obvious to the proverbial schoolboy becomes obvious to the railway manager that this new regulation has been hailed throughout the Press as positively revolutionary. I saw it announced first as "A revolution in railway travelling," and I read that the enterprising company which "originated" the idea only carried it through

after "months of negotiation." In the end only two small Scottish railways stood out against it. I suppose it was too revolutionary for them. Some business men cannot face the idea that two and two make four.

And in Others Not

Even as it stands, this new and revolutionary regulation disregards the obvious right of the majority of passengers (those, namely, who are travelling for less than twenty miles) to use their return tickets when they want to and not when the railway manager thinks he would like to see them again, and leaves every possible opening for the mental arithmetic before mentioned to be practised by passengers and ticket collectors—to the annoyance of both. That, however, has not yet been thought of by the railway managers, and after those "months of negotiation" they will want a rest. Fifty years on they will perhaps be sufficiently refreshed to reconsider the matter. In the meantime, many of their victims would like to petition them—were there any hope of a petition being successful—with regard to one or two other little needs.

Might Benefit

One is the heating of carriages in winter, The obnoxious foot-warmer, which in any case is most difficult to obtain, and, except at large stations, impossible, is a relic of the dark ages which might now be dispensed with in favour of the heating apparatus which I have never yet missed on the Continent. It may be the railway manager's notion that by ignoring this system in most of our trains he is breeding a hardy race of Englishmen, but I do not think he has any business to insist upon it. Delicate people are sometimes forced to travel by train, and even the ordinary man does not care to catch a cold every time he enters one of our frosty compartments. Meat, not men, is kept in refrigerators—or, rather, should be.

Travelling Mankind

Another need of a crying nature is the gradual abolition of the booking-office. There is no just cause why a number of men, all anxious to catch a train, should wait in line at a hole in the wall while the official behind the hole slowly doles out tickets and change to them. I imagine that not less than ten per cent. of railway passengers miss their trains solely for this reason. Another need is—but what is the use of naming them singly? I have said that if anyone cared to make a collection of them, he would be of some use to his fellows. He need not be debarred from beginning by any idea that the collection would have to be of a limited nature.

MINIMUS.

Zebra Riding in German East Africa

It was a popular fallacy that the zebra could not be broken in for riding purposes. The German troops in Africa, however, have mastered this intractable steed. Our illustration shows a "non-com." taking a jump, greatly to the delectation of the zebra, which is a somewhat noisy and excitable animal

CONCERNING SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM

Sir Charles Wyndham ought to be doing very well; but he owes one debt which he is likely never to discharge. That is, his obligation to another great actor and successful manager, David Garrick, who did him the favour of existing rather more than a century ago. Doubtless, Sir Charles would have "arrived" if Davy had never seen the light; but his fame would not have been what it is. The whole of the modern theatre-going public connects the name of Wyndham with that comedy, the title *rôle* of which has been played by Sir Charles in English, German, and American, to audiences from Baltimore to Moscow.

We have all seen that play. The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night, as Mr. Kipling says. It has been given, in the words of Macaulay, where in the sand of morning land the camel bears the spice. On Sir Charles Wyndham's finger—or possibly at his banker's—is the splendid ring of sapphires and rubies which the late Tsar presented to him after seeing *David Garrick* in St. Petersburg. Germany went wild, in a stolid manner, over it in 1887, when a version was laboriously built up of blocks of the great German language, and entitled *Auf Ehrenwort*—the nearest they could get to the English name. This was played in Berlin, Frankfort, and elsewhere, and it was the welcome accorded to it which attracted the attention of the Russian ruler, and led to Sir Charles's invasion of his Empire.

The Germans had seen Sir Charles Wyndham before that *Garrick* visit; but it was in another period of his career—the period of his devotion to what people called, in those days, "Criterion pieces." Liveliness was the dominating note in those delightful plays. They were irresistible: they left you helpless. *Brighton* was one of the chief of these; and it was in a German version of *Brighton* that the Fatherland first made acquaintance with Sir Charles nearly thirty years ago. What happens to an English farcical comedy of American origin when you turn it into German only those who have seen it can tell. But *Brighton* bore the strain successfully, and though Sir Charles will not produce it now—perhaps it is considered unsuited to the dignity of knighthood—it is an undying memory to many thousands.

It was of American origin we have just said—even as was Sir Charles Wyndham's theatrical career. It was, in fact, a version of *Saratoga*, by the American dramatist, Bronson Howard, the brother-in-law of our actor, whose connection with the American stage in his early days is of intensely interesting character. Sir Charles was not destined by his parents for the theatrical career — very few actors were, in his generation. They meant him to be a doctor. Probably he would have made a splendid one; for no profession, outside the stage, calls for so much natural histrionic ability as that of the general practitioner.

But his bedside manner was fated never to be properly worked up. At the age of twenty-one the young Wyndham had found his way to the United States. The Civil War broke out, and he joined the Union army as a surgeon. But shortly afterwards his real business claimed him, and he was playing Osric to the Hamlet of John Wilkes Booth (a brother of the more celebrated Edwin Booth), who was soon to be infamous all over the world as the assassin of President Lincoln. But the young actor's engagement to Booth was at an end before the terrible crime of the fanatic Southern tragedian came to drown the triumph of peace in tears. Wyndham returned to the army before the end of the war. He took part in several engagements, was at one time in medical charge of a brigade, at another of a regiment.

The moment he set foot on British soil again he began to act; for he made his start at the port of entry, at the Old Amphitheatre in Liverpool. At once he met with success, and soon came to London, where he began, just about thirty-six years ago, to lay the foundations of that Metropolitan fame which was to be his in the fulness of time. *All that Glitters is not Gold* was the first piece he played in a London house, and in it he took the part of a gentleman with "Sir" in front of his name. Small enough, in 1868, seemed the chance of Mr. Charles Wyndham, or anybody else connected with the stage, attaining to the dignity of knighthood.

Back again to America went the restless Mr. Wyndham the very next year, to play Charles Surface in New York; then home once more, to London once more, and once more to the provinces; until at last, in 1873, he played "the lead" at the Royalty Theatre. *Brighton* started on its famous career in the following year at the Court, soon to undergo its German experience. On returning from Berlin, Sir Charles opened the Criterion, and defied the public to stop away. It attempted no resistance, and for ten riotous years Criterion farce was one of the most famous and characteristic things about our capital.

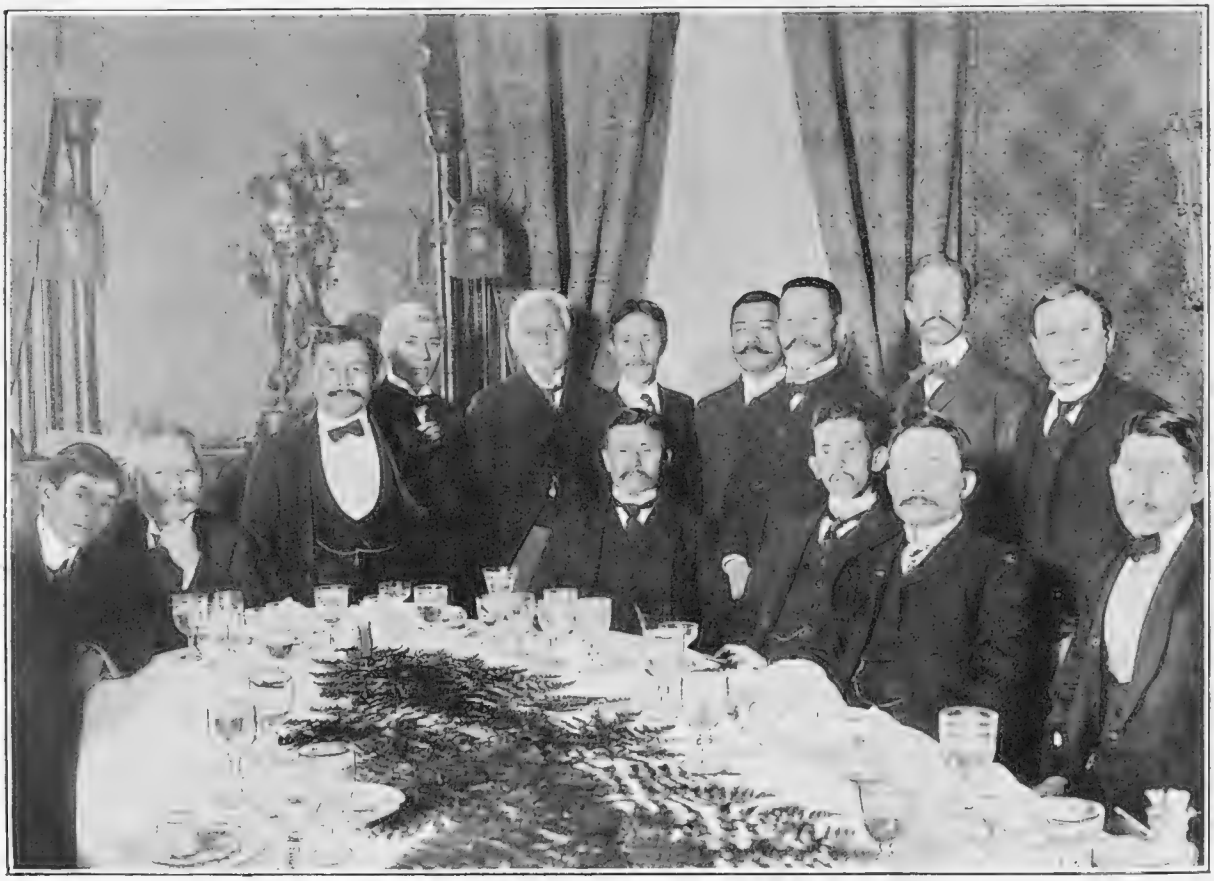
At last came the day on which Sir Charles seriously undertook old comedy—the day which led to *David Garrick*, and to the international success feebly described already; to German, Russian, and American triumphs, an unassailable position in the theatrical world, and a knighthood from His present Majesty, in 1902.

May the new theatre, which he built and gave his name to in 1899, long commemorate a genial and delightful personality, a worthy leader and generous benefactor of his profession, and the most gifted comedy actor we have.

Sir Charles Wyndham

Photo by *Bulla*

Russian Students Marching in Procession Through the Streets of St. Petersburg



Japanese Merchants in New York Celebrate the First Success of their Countrymen at Port Arthur

At this banquet, which was held at Martin's, one of the leading restaurants in New York, seventeen leading Japanese merchants pledged themselves to raise five million dollars, not as a loan, but as a present to the Mikado

RUSSIA AND JAPAN DEMONSTRATE FOR THEIR FIGHTING COMPATRIOTS

Books to Order this week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Through the Land of the Serb." By M. E. Durham. A lady's narrative of her wanderings in Montenegro and Servia. Illustrated. (Arnold: 14*s.* net.)

"The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork." By Dorothea Townshend. A social history of the Anglo-Irish society of the 17th century. Illustrated. (Duckworth: 18*s.* net.)

"History of the London Stage and its Famous Players." By H. Barton Baker. (Routledge: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW NOVELS

"The Turnstile of Night." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)

"The Deliverance." By Ellen Glasgow. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"The Filigree Ball." By Anna Katherine Green. A Detective story on the lines of the same author's "Leavenworth Case." (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

Three New Books

"The Misrule of Three." By Florence Warden. (Fisher Unwin. London: 1903.)

"Red Morn." By Max Pemberton. (Cassells. London: 1904.)

"Anglican Innocents in Spain." By F. E. Sidney, F.S.A. (Simpkin Marshall. London: 1903.)

In "The Misrule of Three" Miss Warden has given us another novel with a mystery, though it can hardly be said to be so successful as "The House on the Marsh." The hero is one of three bachelor friends, who worship at the shrine of literature and art in "diggings" off Tottenham Court Road. But here it is to be feared that Miss Warden is a little out of her depth; even three lone bachelors are not continually in a state of wrangle neither is it usual for a man to "turn livid" at a harmless piece of sarcasm from the lips of a friend. The mystery begins when the three decide to pay a visit to the Channel Islands, where lives the hero's uncle whom he has never seen, the wealthy and eccentric owner of an ancient mansion on a small island off Guernsey. This uncle, Bartlett Bayle, not only refuses to receive his nephew and namesake but for some reason appears to be exceedingly afraid of him; however, the latter spends his time pleasantly in stolen meetings with his uncle's ward. On their journey home the three friends find that an unauthorised addition has been made to their luggage in the shape of a healthy baby, left by some person or persons unknown. Displaying a taste somewhat unusual in men of that age, they take the infant back to their lodgings in London, where, fortunately for the child, a newly arrived lady lodger undertakes to look after it. Disappearances of some of the principal actors follow in rapid succession; matters are made more lively by an attempt on the part of the uncle to murder his nephew, and the villainy of two of the former's retainers, a Frenchman and his daughter, who are in possession of their master's secret. The mystery of the uncle's life is well sustained, and the explanation will come as a surprise to most readers, and, though some of the characters verge on the inane and all talk exactly alike, there is a genuine touch of unconscious humour in allotting to two of the friends life-partners who are the diametrical opposites of the types of womanhood lauded by each in the opening chapter.

In Mr. Max Pemberton's book, "Red Morn," the scene opens on an ocean-going steamer, on which is a young and beautiful American heiress, crossing to England to be married to a nobleman of doubtful character. There is also a mysterious, dark-haired youth, named Murray West, who plays poker for fabulous sums with two cardsharpers, whose acquaintance he has made during a somewhat lurid past in America. Murray West proceeds to win the American heroine's heart, apparently by being consistently rude to her and making sarcastic remarks about the morals of her future husband, and when the inevitable shipwreck occurs, saves her life by means of a convenient raft, overlooked by the panic-stricken passengers. After the hero has drowned all the unfortunates who attempt to share their small refuge, the heroine wakes from her swoon, and the two proceed to discuss the American Girl in the flowing periods of an amateur essayist. They are rescued by a gun-running steamer commanded by a drunken captain, with whom the truculent hero rapidly comes to blows. The latter incites the crew to mutiny, the captain is conveniently stabbed by accident, and the ship is saved from the Venezuelan gunboat, which chases it, by the timely eruption of Monf Pelée. The fair American arrives home to find that her undesirable *fiancé* has married someone else, that the hero really had nothing to do with the death of her brother, and, best of all, that he has come in for a title and a fortune through the kindly offices of the South African War. We fancy we have seen many stories of a similar type in more gaudy, if less enduring, covers. The book is not worthy of Mr. Pemberton's reputation; there is really nothing new in the plot, while the part which deals with the sea reads

like a faint echo of Clark Russell; it is a pity that the author has not applied his undoubted gift for spinning a yarn to a worthier theme.

Spain seems to be the happy hunting ground of the globe-trotter who wishes to record his experiences in a book. This is not to say that Mr. Sidney is a mere globe-trotter, or that his book, "Anglican Innocents in Spain," is superficial. On the contrary, in the many pages which the author devotes to the art of the country, to the numerous churches he visited, and the various religious ceremonies, imposing and picturesque, he witnessed, there is much that is of great interest. But when he treats of the people themselves, he adopts an attitude so insular and unsympathetic, and a style of humour so unworthy of the more serious part of the book, that the recommendation to the reader to "forget to pack up your English prejudices in your luggage," comes rather strangely from him. Take his description of the restaurant at Cadiz:

> The restaurant was a bit primitive, and consisted of a wooden shed, which at first I took for a fowl-house. The proprietor was enjoying the national dish of arroz con pollo, or rice with fowl, or foul rice, which you please. The gentleman had evidently washed on his last patron saint's day, which, of course, only comes off once a year. I ventured on an omelette, and then ordered what I thought was butter. . . . I should just like to say that the beauty of the strange mixture was that you could either eat it or rub it on your head, and if it didn't make your hair grow it would give you the stomach-ache.

This may be humour of a type, but a type which ill assorts with short essays on Murillo and Velasquez, and serious descriptions of holy-week ceremonies at Seville.

On the whole, Mr. Sidney shows some knowledge of Spanish art, architecture, and Church ritual, but it is to be regretted that he did not confine his remarks to these subjects. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

Two interesting books about Shakespeare are expected this month, and at least one of these should throw valuable light on several points raised by the Baconian enthusiasts. This is a work left by the late Mr. Charles Elton, K.C., who, as a well-known authority on questions of land-tenure and the laws of property, introduces a large amount of new information relating to Shakespeare's family and to the poet's own business dealings. The information is derived for the most part from contemporary material, and bears directly on Shakespeare's life both at Stratford-on-Avon and in London, as well as on many passages in the plays. Mr. Andrew Lang has added a memoir to the book, which will be published by Mr. Murray.

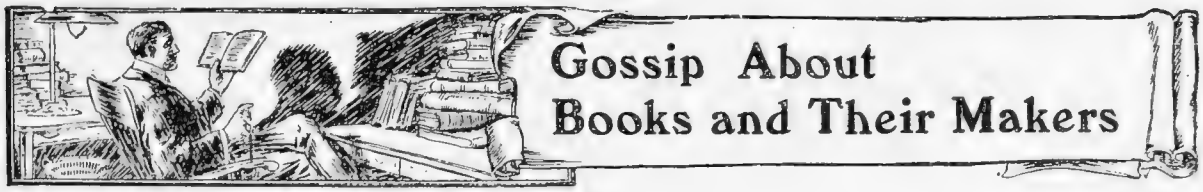
The second volume, an anthology, "In Praise of Shakespeare," contains a prefatory note by another of Shakespeare's doughty champions—Mr. Sidney Lee. The anthology itself has been compiled by C. E. Hughes, who has collected, in chronological order, all the best eulogies of the poet in English verse and prose. The object is to show that Shakespeare's reputation has never, during any period since his own day, been seriously affected by the chances of fashion in literature. Messrs. Methuen will publish the book on the 10th inst.

We understand that Messrs. Constable are to publish the two novels left by the late George Gissing—a legacy which seems to have hastened the end of his sadly handicapped life. "It is harder work than any I ever did," he declared of one of these a few weeks before his death; "not a line that does not ask sweat of the brain." This book is named after its heroine, "Veranilda," and will be the first of the two to appear; it is a romance of the days of Justinian and the Byzantine Empire.

Photography plays a large part in two important sporting books now in the press. One is Mr. George W. Beldam's "Great Golfers," which includes nearly three hundred remarkable snap-shots of the best-known players of the day, showing every variety of their strokes. It is a book of instruction by illustration, with special articles by Mr. Harold Hilton—as well as by Mr. Beldam—and notes by Harry Vardon, James Braid, Alexander Herd, and J. H. Taylor. Messrs. Macmillan will probably publish the work at once. The other volume is entitled "Fifty Leaders of British Sport," the feature of which is a series of fifty portraits of living sportsmen, including the King and the Prince of Wales, specially photographed by Mr. Ernest Elliott. Biographical sketches, by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, have been added to the collection, which will be published during the spring by Mr. Lane.

This month Messrs. Jack hope to publish a book which was suggested by Lord Rosebery at a meeting of the Scottish History Society, in Edinburgh, some six or seven years ago. This is a list of the Jacobite Peerage, extracted mainly from the Royal Warrant Books among the Stuart Papers at Windsor Castle. "The whole calendar of the melancholy Court of the Stuarts, their shadowy Secretaries of State, and their purely nominal dignities," said Lord Rosebery, on the occasion referred to, "would be of the greatest interest both for the historian and the student of human nature." The peerage, as the title indicates, includes only those honours conferred by the Stuarts after their departure from England in 1689—dignities which died with the recipients. The work has been compiled by the Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval, whose "Blood Royal of Britain" is the standard work on the subject.

A "Life of Robert Napier," which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish during the spring, will be to a large extent a history of the great Clyde shipbuilding industry. For it was Napier, the Dumbarton blacksmith, who broke down the prejudice against Scottish Engineers and made the reputation of the Clyde as an engineering centre. It was Napier who persuaded the Admiralty to discard wooden ships for the Navy; it was Napier's firm who built the first iron warships to take their place; and it was his own skill and perseverance which laid the foundation from which the Cunard Company took its beginning.



"Paradoxical Chesterton"

Thus the *New York Times* heads its review of one of Mr. Chesterton's books, which, although well known in England, would seem to be making a belated appearance on the other side. The reviewer says that "to resist the impression that paradox is the end of Mr. Chesterton's discourse is difficult and well-nigh impossible. The unconquerable hope he nurses is to say something no one has ever said before." Really! Has not every scribbler, then, this same unconquerable hope? It seems to me that Mr. G. K. Chesterton thinks in paradox, just as Mr. George Meredith thinks in metaphor, "because it's his natur' to." Paradoxical or periphrastical, none of us could wish him other than he is—the brightest of our essayists. I am delighted to notice that my editor has commandeered a weekly exercise of Mr. Chesterton's pen on behalf of THE BYSTANDER'S readers. "G. K. C." is not only one of the most brilliant, but also one of the best liked men in literary London. With his fine open face, rosy and usually smiling, he reminds one somewhat of a great good-natured schoolboy; for there is in his eyes a touch of the best of all qualities—splendid wonder at the things of life. He can laugh at his own jokes in a way that creates immediate sympathy, and this is about the most difficult test to which one's own jokes can be submitted! Obviously, Mr. Chesterton finds, like R. L. Stevenson, that

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. G. K. Chesterton

> The world is so full of a number of things
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

He is a Londoner by birth, and is only thirty years of age, so that he has come quickly into fame, and I rejoice in his success, if it be only because he has earned a reputation without having had recourse to the wretched convention of the modern novel. But, that reminds me, he is said to be writing a novel entitled "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" (he was born out that way, by the bye), but we may rest assured that there will be nothing conventional about it.

R. L. S. and Misquotation

I am interested to hear that Mrs. R. L. Stevenson is going to settle down with her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in Edinburgh, "the venerable city which I must always think of as my home," as R. L. S. said in one of his most beautiful dedications. I saw the novelist's well-known epitaph horribly misquoted the other day, and thought how indignant he would have been to see his exquisite lines staggering like the footsteps of the tipsy man; but I remembered that he himself was guilty of one of the worst misquotations I have ever seen, though I do not think the fact has been pointed out. In "The Silverado Squatters" he renders the lovely Canadian Gaelic "Boat Song" thus:

> From the dim shieling on the misty island
> Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
> Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
> And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

The first three lines are grievously wrong. It should be "the lone shieling" and "the misty hill," not "island;" while "a world of seas" is a poor substitute for "the waste of seas," as the original has it, and the third line should read:

> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland.

It is curious that a writer with so keen an ear for the music of words as R. L. S. undoubtedly had should have given so unmusical a rendering of lines which, once read, are difficult to forget.

The Amateur Casual

I think I have already touched in these pages on the ease with which, even in our days of personal gossip, notable figures in literary London may be lost to sight. I had a further example of this only yesterday, when in conversation with a group of

authors and journalists, whose names would be familiar to all my readers, I found that not one knew whether Mr. James Greenwood, "the Amateur Casual," was still alive. My own impression is that this once famous journalist is still to the fore, although his name does not appear in any work of biographical reference. His more famous brother, Frederick, first editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and of the *St. James's*, I saw quite recently looking the picture of health, though it will be forty years in 1905 since he started the *Pall Mall*. The Greenwoods have both been singularly unfortunate in receiving adequate recognition of high services to journalism. "Chambers's Biographical Dictionary" ignores the existence of Frederick, while scores of lesser men enjoy the dignity of its pages. James Greenwood was the first man to invent the plan of a journalist experiencing in his own person the conditions of gutter life, and his 'Amateur Casual" articles did more for the *Pall Mall* in its early days than brilliant editing could ever do. He has been imitated by innumerable journalists, from George R. Sims to Jack London. An amusing story is told of an article he wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* long ago, and I do not think it has ever been in print before. This article created much discussion, its statements being stoutly denied in some quarters. A gentleman interested in the matter was going round the Zoo with his children, and had rolled the *Telegraph*, with Greenwood's article exposed, into a baton with which he was pointing out the various animals to his youngsters, when, lo! an ostrich snapped the paper from his hand and swallowed it in a trice. The roll unwound in the gullet of the bird, and suffocated it. An autopsy was held, and the first thing to be cut out of the hapless bird was James Greenwood's article. The author had to suffer endless badinage from his journalistic friends, it being generally agreed that if an ostrich could not digest his article no living creature could!

Photo by Mrs. Alice Perrin *Beresford*

A Romance of Authorship

Mr. Newman Howard, whose dramatic poem, "Kiartan the Icelander," entitles him to a high place among the minor poets of our time, has just issued another poem, dealing with the thrilling story of Savonarola, which, I am told, will greatly enhance his growing reputation. The publication of his previous book was marked by an incident as rare as it was pleasant in the experience of an author. An unknown reader was so charmed with the poem that he sent to the publisher a bank-note for fifty pounds as evidence of his appreciation, giving no name or any clue to his identity. Curiously enough, the only thing which could be ascertained about the generous reader was that he was a Scotsman—at least, his bank-note came from beyond the Tweed! Personally, I confess that I prefer Mr. Howard's lyric poetry to the blank verse of his tragedy, but I am conscious of the unusual power of the latter.

A New Anglo-Indian Novelist

Among the more recent recruits to the ranks of our lady novelists, there are few whose work is marked by a stronger individuality than that of Mrs. Alice Perrin, and the distinct success which she has scored this season with her latest book, "The Stronger Claim," may be taken as evidence that she has "caugh on." It is less than three years, I think, since her first work appeared—a volume of stories, in which she had successfully caught the elusive glamour of the East. It did not require the tag from Kipling, which gave it at once its title and a motto, to indicate the source of her inspiration, for "East of Suez" was frankly written under the influence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; but Mrs. Perrin's knowledge of India has been obtained at first hand, and in her later and more ambitious effort she has fairly won for herself a place alongside of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel as an interpreter of Anglo-Indian life. "The Stronger Claim" is not a book that appeals to me personally, but that does not prevent me from recognising the ability with which Mrs. Perrin has handled a subject that required considerable literary skill, no less than good taste, to redeem it from an interest that might have been entirely morbid. She has shown strength and shrewd knowledge of character, which, wedded to artistic intuition, ought to result in her giving us something of high value.

J. A. H.

OUR SHORT STORY

MRS. WINTERTON'S CLOAK

By THOMAS COBB

"A lady, sir," said Charles, as I sat dawdling over a rather late breakfast.

"Who is she?" I demanded.

"She refused her name, sir, but I think it is Mrs. Winterton," he answered, while I gazed into his inexpressive face in astonishment. For, although Cecilia Winterton had a reputation for doing extraordinary things, it was difficult to imagine what could bring her to my rooms before eleven o'clock this morning.

A few moments later, she entered with her usual impetuous vivacity. Even the severest critics of her own sex, and they are numerous, could not deny her beauty or pretend that she had lived more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years She looked radiant in her obvious excitement this morning, and not for the first time it became necessary to put a rein on one's feelings.

"Now," she exclaimed, as soon as Charles had closed the door, "you needn't tell me I ought not to be here, because I'm perfectly aware of that, and besides I haven't a second to waste."

"Is there anything I can do——"

"Why, of course," she answered with the utmost eagerness. "If Sir Arthur Desmond or anyone else asks, you are to say that you took me to supper at Ricardo's——"

"But no such pleasure has fallen to my lot," I remonstrated.

"Last Tuesday week," said Cecilia. "You quite understand!"

"Not the least little bit."

"You took me to a supper at Ricardo's on Tuesday week, and we—we had a private room," she insisted.

I was on the point of asking for some kind of explanation, when the door opened and Charles again appeared.

"Sir Arthur Desmond," he began, when Cecilia raised a pair of alarmed eyes to my face.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "whatever is to become of me!"

Without a word, Charles crossed the room and opened a door which led into a kind of lobby.

"I shall leave the door ajar," said Cecilia, "so that I can hear how you do it," and she raised a warning finger, smiling as she passed out of the room.

"Bring Sir Arthur up," I cried, and a few moments later Charles formally announced him. "An early bird," I remarked, as we shook hands.

"Most awfully glad I've caught you, anyhow," he answered. He was a tall man of eight and twenty, slimly built, with sloping shoulders, and very fair hair parted exactly down the middle of his head. "You'll think it's a curious sort of question," he said, fixing his eyeglass. "I just want you to tell me whether you took Mrs. Winterton to supper at Ricardo's last week?"

"Well, it *is* a curious sort of question," I answered, with a glance at the slightly open door. "Why on earth do you ask it?"

Desmond seemed to hesitate for a second or two; his eyeglass fell and he refixed it.

"You didn't go to Mrs. Everard's last night?" he suggested.

"No," I said.

"I was waiting in the hall for Edna," he explained, "when that idiot Rawson tackled me. He hasn't been long back from India, you know, and someone had just been telling him Edna and I were engaged."

"Well?"

"When she came downstairs, ready for me to take her home," Desmond continued, "I felt bound to introduce him, and he said he had seen her before—at Ricardo's, on Tuesday week."

"You're not going to suggest that it was I who took Miss Sutcliffe to Ricardo's!" I cried, not a little bewildered.

"No, no, of course not," answered Desmond. "But Edna was rather annoyed; she said she had never been to Ricardo's to supper in her life; and then it turned out that Rawson hadn't seen her face at all."

"Then, how did he pretend to recognise her?" I demanded.

"Why, by her cloak——"

"Oh, my dear fellow," I urged, "aren't women's opera cloaks made by the dozen?"

Desmond shook his head, with a portentously solemn expression:

"Edna's cloak is most awfully fetching," he answered; "a sort of old gold, with black on it; I'll swear there isn't another like it in London; she had told me there wasn't herself. It's got an enormously high collar, and she's rather fond of hiding her face with a kind of lace arrangement—

(All rights reserved)

I don't know what you call it. Anyhow," Desmond explained, "she seemed a good deal put out with Rawson, though he said he could swear to the cloak. He had seen her coming downstairs, he said, and you know what that signifies," cried Desmond.

"*Un cabinet particulier!*"

"Naturally," he said, "on the drive home, I asked for an explanation——"

"Although Miss Sutcliffe had denied having been to Ricardo's?"

"You see," he answered, in a somewhat shamefaced manner, "Rawson had been so confoundedly positive. Anyhow, I asked for an explanation."

"I wonder she condescended to give it."

"At all events, she did. She said that Mrs. Winterton had bought the cloak in Paris, about a month ago, and, as she didn't like it, she sold it to Edna——"

"When did Miss Sutcliffe buy it?" I inquired.

"Why, on Wednesday week."

"Now," I said, "I am beginning to understand. So it was Mrs. Winterton who wore the cloak at Ricardo's?"

"That's what Edna says."

"You—you don't believe her?"

"Well, you understand," he continued, "we had a bit of a tiff about it, and I told her I should ask Mrs. Winterton."

"But," I suggested, "as it isn't quite half-past eleven yet, you have scarcely had time."

"I couldn't sleep a wink all night," he exclaimed, beginning to walk excitedly about the room, so that I felt afraid lest he should go too near the partly open door, behind which was Cecilia. "I'm most awfully fond of Edna," he said; "but—well, of course you've heard about that infernal Wedderburn?"

"Oh, my dear chap——"

"It's all very well," cried Desmond; "but it's no use pretending that she wasn't a bit gone on the fellow a year or two ago, and I'd give pretty well anything if he hadn't turned up again."

"Then," I said, unable to help pitying his very real distress, whatever might be thought of his wisdom in discussing the affair, "to speak plainly, in spite of Miss Sutcliffe's denial, you believed that she had supper with Wedderburn at Ricardo's on Tuesday week?"

"Upon my soul, I don't know what to believe," he answered.

"Can't she prove an alibi?" I asked.

"That's another curious thing," he cried. "We were both together at a dance at Lady Rushton's——"

"Well, what more do you wish?"

"But Edna went away at eleven!"

"Alone?"

"She said she had the most dreadful headache," he returned, "and I recollect that she did look seedy. She said she must go home, and wouldn't hear of my taking her. I couldn't get a wink last night," he continued, "and, the first thing this morning I went to Mrs. Winterton."

"Did she see you?"

"She wouldn't, at first," he answered. "But I wrote a message on my card, and after that she received me."

"Well?"

"You see," he explained, "I didn't go the wisest way to work. Upon my soul, I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels now! I just told her all about it——"

"What did Mrs. Winterton say?"

"The same as Edna. She said she had bought the cloak in Paris, and sold it to Edna on Wednesday week. She even admitted wearing it herself at Ricardo's the night before; insisted she took a dislike to it that night, and that you persuaded her to go——"

"Well," I said, "doesn't that sound straightforward enough?"

"Yes," he admitted, "the question is, whether it doesn't sound too straightforward. Of course Mrs. Winterton is a great chum of Edna's, and I suppose women have a kind of fellow-feeling the same as men. You see," he continued, fixing his eyes rather pitifully on my face, "I don't want to make a big mistake. If there's still anything going on between Wedderburn and Edna, I'd do anything rather than marry her. And yet, if I don't marry her, I feel I would as soon pitch myself in the Thames as not. That's why I've come to you!" he exclaimed. "Women aren't quite so particular as we are. If you give me your word you took Mrs. Winterton to supper at Ricardo's on Tuesday week, why I can eat any amount of humble pie and enjoy it."

I realised that my position might have been easier if Cecilia had not been listening behind the open door, although even without such a witness it might still have proved quite sufficiently difficult. Upon my answer, it appeared to depend whether Edna Sutcliffe and Desmond became one flesh or not, whereas I felt disposed to regard his welfare rather than hers. Everybody knew that there had been something approaching a scandal concerning Wedderburn and Miss Sutcliffe, although we all hoped the last had been heard of it when he left England about eighteen months ago. Wedderburn, however, had returned, now that Edna had been engaged to Desmond six weeks or longer, and his home-coming was certainly inconvenient, to say the least. If it were the fact that Edna had been reckless enough to sup with him in a private room at Ricardo's, Desmond had assuredly room for serious complaint, and I could not feel satisfied that it would serve any ultimately useful purpose to assist in throwing him off the scent. But there was Cecilia listening for my answer, and, apart from other considerations, no doubt she was a woman whom most men would wish to please.

"Well," I said, "the sooner you begin your meal the better!"

"Then," cried Sutcliffe, "it really was Mrs. Winterton ——"

"Since you have found us out," I answered, "I won't attempt to deny it."

To my embarrassment, Desmond began to wring my hand, and then, in the most confidential manner, he said:

"I say, old chap, no mistake about it, she's an uncommonly pretty woman!"

"The fact has never been disputed," I returned.

When she had replaced her hat, she coaxed on her gloves, holding one out for me to button

"When is it coming off?" he asked, raising his voice as he laughed, and I had never felt more uncomfortable in my life.

"What?" I demanded.

"Oh, come," he said, "she wouldn't have let you take her there unless there were some kind of understanding between you."

"When there's anything to announce," I answered, "you shall be the first to hear it."

"Of course," he continued, "Edna has always insisted you would marry Mrs. Winterton."

"Has she?" I muttered.

"Yes, and though it may seem like telling tales out of school, I happen to know she has been wanting you for ever so long."

"Certain of that?" I asked, forcing a laugh for the benefit of Cecilia in the adjoining room.

"You see, she has no secrets from Edna, and Edna has none from me."

"That's just as it should be," I retorted, and, having wrung my hand again with the most extreme cordiality, Desmond at last went away.

When the door closed behind him, I stood waiting for Cecilia to emerge from her hiding-place, but some minutes passed without any sign of her. Presently, I heard my own name—in a modest whisper.

"The coast is perfectly clear," I answered; "you can come out now."

"Is—isn't there any other way?" asked Cecilia, and I noticed a peculiar quality in her voice, which made it hard to judge whether it was broken by laughter or by tears.

"Only the way you went in," I said.

"Oh, for a back staircase!" she exclaimed, and with that I threw open the door, to see Cecilia standing just within the lobby, breathing very rapidly, while she held her ungloved hands before her face.

"As you must have heard everything that passed, I cried, "I am spared the necessity of an explanation."

She uncovered her face, and there can never have been a more charming vision. Her cheeks must have tingled, and for the moment her eyes wore a softer expression than I had ever seen in them before.

"But," she exclaimed, with an evident effort to pull herself together, "that was the tantalising thing: I couldn't hear everything!"

"I noticed that Desmond dropped his voice towards the end," I answered; and Cecilia looked mischievously into my face.

"What was he saying?" she murmured. "Anyhow," Cecilia added, "you perceive the dreadful situation I was placed in?"

"My own wasn't precisely enviable," I assured her.

"Oh, but a man can do anything!" she cried.

"Still, he prefers to stick to the truth," I said. "And, upon my word, I don't half understand, even now, whether you had supper at Ricardo's or not."

"Why, of course not."

"Then the cloak wasn't your's——"

"It belonged to me once," she answered. "The sweetest thing you can imagine, only just a little conspicuous, you understand?"

"And you did really sell it to Edna Sutcliffe on Wednesday week?"

"I fancy it must have been Wednesday fortnight!" she rejoined.

"So that you told Desmond a——"

"What was I to tell him?" she demanded. "He entered my drawing-room like a lunatic between half-past ten and eleven this morning, but happily he told me what Edna had said before he asked questions; even then I saw he only half believed me, so I referred him to you. Mr. Wedderburn," she cried abruptly, "must be the meanest man under the sun; and," she continued, "isn't it absurd of Sir Arthur to be so jealous——"

"He seems to have had reason. Considering Wedderburn's reputation, and the undoubted fact that Edna used to be—well, rather fond of the fellow, you can scarcely imagine that Desmond would be gratified to hear she had left Lady Rushton's dance to go to supper at Ricardo's!"

"If she were not immensely fond of Sir Arthur, she would never have gone!"

"A curious way of showing her affection," I suggested.

"You see," Cecilia explained, "Mr. Wedderburn refused to return her letters. She begged and implored him to send them back, and even got me to interview him. At last, he promised to let her have them if she would meet him at Ricardo's. Then she didn't know how to get there without arousing suspicion, till she hit on the idea of going on the night of Lady Rushton's ball."

"And, as sometimes happens," I said, "her sin has found her out."

"It wasn't a sin," exclaimed Cecilia hotly. "No doubt Edna had given herself away in those letters—all written, before she first met Sir Arthur, two years ago. She seemed immensely anxious to get them back, and now she has got them."

"Still," I urged, "it doesn't appear that you have quite 'played the game.'"

"Would you have had me tell the truth to Sir Arthur when he came to my place this morning?" she demanded, facing me excitedly.

"Well——"

"But would you?" she interrupted. "Ought I to have told him that Edna's explanation was false from beginning to end, and made two persons miserable?"

"The question arises whether you are making them miserable by facilitating their marriage," I said.

"Ah, if I hadn't felt certain on that score, I would have washed my hands of it. If I hadn't known why Edna forced herself to that supper I wouldn't have gone a yard to help her. As it is," she cried, "I suppose you think I acted abominably."

"I think that, in any case, Edna Sutcliffe has a staunch friend," I answered.

"Of course," she returned, "we have known each other for years."

"That is why you give her your confidence," I suggested, and Cecilia took a step towards the door.

"Please, tell your man to get me a hansom!" she exclaimed.

"Now," I continued, "if you had succeeded in overhearing the latter part of Desmond's conversation——"

"I think he is hateful!" said Cecilia.

"Why?" I asked.

"I shall never forgive Edna!" she cried, "and I have a good mind not to go to her wedding."

"Well," I said, "will you come to mine, Cecilia?"

She looked up, with one of her characteristically cheerful smiles.

"When is it to take place?" she murmured.

"What should you say to this day month?"

"Confess that Sir Arthur forced your hand!" she exclaimed, giving me both of hers.

I made no immediate reply, but presently Cecilia remarked that it was nearly one o'clock.

"You may as well come home with me to luncheon," she suggested.

"No," I said, "we will go to Ricardo's."

Going to the glass in the overmantel, Cecilia, with delightful, new familiarity, took off her hat and began to pull and pat her fair hair. When she had replaced her hat, she coaxed on her gloves, holding one out for me to button.

"I think," she exclaimed, "I shall ask Edna to sell me back that cloak!"

RECRUITING IN THE ARMY. "Steps have been taken to bring out a new and attractive series of recruiting posters, and an improved edition of the 'Advantages of the Army' has been published." *vide the papers.*

THE MAKING OF A NAVAL ENGINEER

By HERBERT C. FYFE

Some day, when I know more, I will write about engine-rooms and stokers' accommodation—the manners and customs of Naval engineers and their artificers. They are an amazing breed, these quiet, rather pale men, in whose hands lie the strength and power of the ship.—Rudyard Kipling, in "A Fleet in Being."

The boy who makes up his mind quite early in life what profession he means to follow has a much better chance of success than he who, on leaving school, has no particular bent or ambition.

An excellent career, nowadays, is that of the Naval engineer, who has lately come into prominence, owing to the new Admiralty scheme of Naval training.

Under this new scheme there is very much greater inducement for a boy to become an engineer officer in the Royal Navy than there was under the old *régime* when, after receiving his training in the Royal Naval Engineering College, at Keyham, Devonport, he was appointed to a ship at the age of fourteen and a half or fifteen and a half.

For years past, the engineers had grumbled at their position on ship-board, and there was considerable friction between the executive and engineer branches. The former were undoubtedly of higher social standing than the latter, and between the two a great gulf was fixed. They had nothing in common in their early training, and met for the first time on ship-board.

Now all is changed. There is homogeneous training of the executive, engineer, and marine officers. All enter the Service between twelve and thirteen, and are trained on exactly the same system until they have passed the rank of sub-lieutenant, between nineteen and twenty. Now their careers, for the first time, will begin to diverge, and the sub will be allowed—so far as possible—to choose which branch—the executive, the engineers, or the Royal Marines—he will join.

Let us now trace, from its commencement, the career of a Naval engineer officer.

Having obtained his nomination, satisfied the doctor—no easy task, for many a boy who appears to be in the pink of condition is rejected, owing to some weakness or deformity, which, to the eye of the fond parent, appears slight indeed—he has to pass ne

Photo by "Hall" *Crockett*

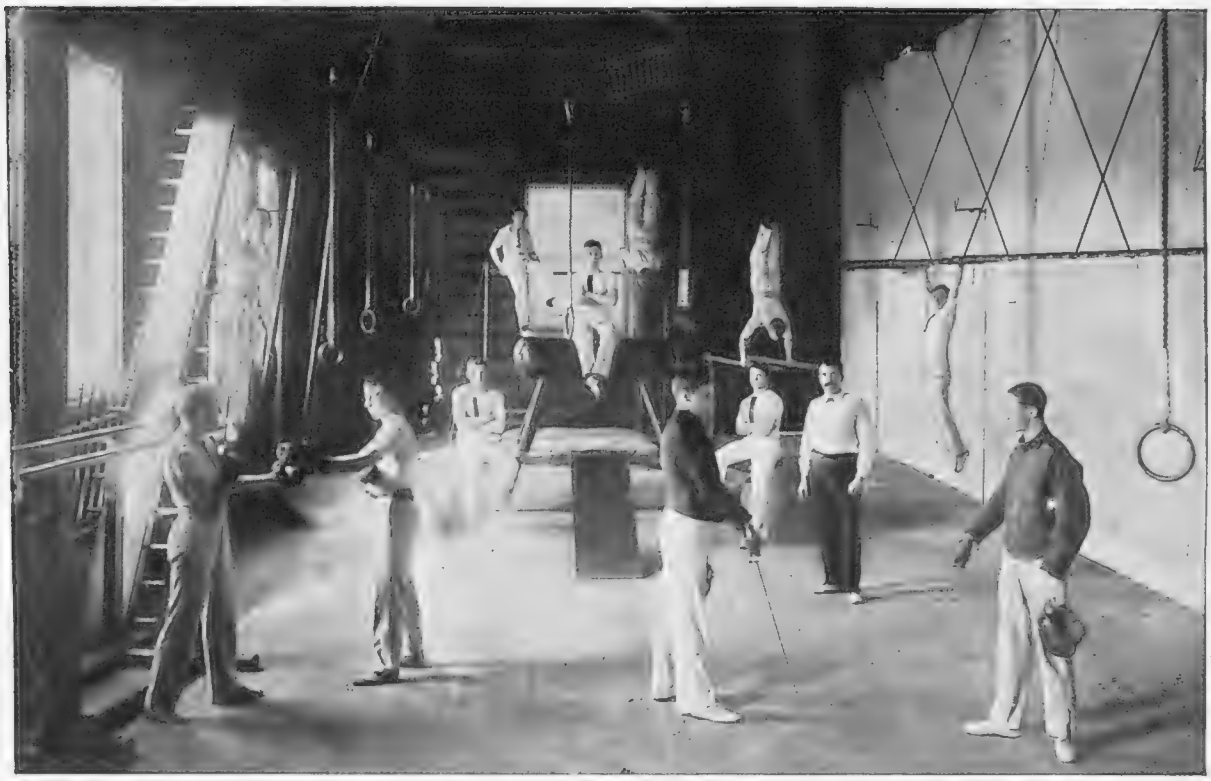


Photo by] **The Gymnasium: A Round with the Gloves, and a Bout with the Foils** [*Crockett*

entrance examination for the *Britannia* or the "Royal Naval College," as it should be called. A splendid new building is now being erected on the heights above Dartmouth, and when completed the old hulk moored below will no longer serve as home and school for the cadets.

Our budding engineer, along with the cadets for the executive and marine branches, now cons his books, learning seamanship, navigation, and all things necessary for a sailor's life, also physics, marine engineering, and the use of tools and machines in connection therewith. He will have to work hard, for if he fails to attain a minimum standard he will be requested to (fatal word!) "Withdraw."

His four years ended, and his "exams" successfully passed, the engineer cadet becomes a middy, a real

Photo by *Crockett*

In the Smithy

officer on the active list. He dons his uniform, swaggers about displaying his new dirk, and has an opinion of himself, shared probably only by a doting mother. One day the order comes to join his ship, and here the nonsense is all knocked out of him by his seniors. He still goes to school, for there is much to be learned, and his poor head is stuffed with various applied sciences, pilotage, gunnery, torpedo work, and engineering.

He is examined annually, and doubtless he begins to weary of books and papers; still there is much to interest him.

He sees strange sights and meets queer folk; he is given a boat to run, and much responsibility is placed upon his shoulders.

At the end of three years our middy goes in for the final examination in seamanship before a terrible

Photo by *Crockett*

An Animated Scene in the Workshops

Board, and, having passed, becomes a glorious "Acting Sub-Lieutenant."

Returning to England, he undergoes a three months' course at Greenwich in mathematics, navigation, and pilotage, and also a six months' course at Portsmouth in gunnery, torpedo engineering. Passing out, he becomes a sub-lieutenant, bids farewell to his companions, who are going to be executive or Marine officers, and hies him off to the College at Keyham for his professional course in engineering science.

This ended, he passes out as a full-fledged lieutenant, obtaining his step at the same age as the sub-lieutenants of the executive branch.

He will now be sent to join some ship; his period of probation is ended, and step by step he will climb the ladder of promotion until the proud moment arrives when he becomes a flag officer, and puts after his name "Rear-Admiral (E)."

Engineer officers, under the new scheme, wear the same uniform and bear the same titles of rank as executive officers; they receive additional pay, and every endeavour has been made to provide those who enter the engineer branch with opportunities equal to those of the executive branch, including the same opportunity of rising to flag rank.

The engineer officer can never hope to rise above the rank of rear-admiral, and will not be eligible for the command of a ship. Still, the career is one that, under the new conditions, will appeal to many a boy who loves machinery with a love equal to that of old MacAndrew.

The daily and nightly round of the man "down below"—the "king pie of the system"—whose business it is to tend the machinery and to obey the orders from the bridge as soon as he can, if not sooner, is not all beer and skittles.

Many a brave fellow has found the engine-room a death-trap.

The engineer must have eyes all round his head; he must know his engines as a 'bus driver knows his route, and he must be ready for any emergency.

If you have ever been down below in engine-room or stokehold during an eight hours' full power trial run of a mighty battleship or first-class cruiser, you will probably, on emerging to breathe once more the cool air under the open sky, thank your stars that you are not one whose lot it is to spend your days under the decks, with the roar of the machinery around you, and the heat of hell scorching your limbs.

Photo by *Crockett*

Masters and Pupils

There are so many unpleasant jobs in this weary world that one often wonders how men can be found o undertake them. Fortunately, no two natures are alike. Whilst one brother is content o sit in a bank all day, another, despising such an existence, will pine for the care of machinery, and will fret his heart out unless he can control the huge engines which send His Majesty's ships all over the Seven Seas.

Photo by *Crockett*

A Quiet Pipe in the Reading-Room

Miss Mabelle Gilman

The Dainty American Actress who is Playing the Name Part in "Amorelle" at the Comedy Theatre

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss E. Firth

Who is Appearing in the "Duchess of Dantzic" at the Lyric

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

THE KING'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE

The Senate House, Cambridge

Where a congregation is to be assembled in honour of His Majesty's visit It is in this building that the governing body of the University holds its councils and confers degrees

Photos by] **The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, where His Majesty is to Lunch** [*Bingley*

One of the finest public buildings in Cambridge, founded in 1816. Viscount Fitzwilliam, in addition to his books, pictures, and other collections, bequeathed to the University, at his death, £100,000 in the South Sea Annuities, of which the interest alone was used in the erection and permanent endowment of the splendid building seen in our illustration

Photo by] **Neville's Court, Trinity College, Showing one of the Windows of the Hall** [*Bennett*

His Majesty is an old Trinity man. The "Hall," seen on the right, is one of the finest buildings in the University. The interior is in the style of an old baronial hall, and is wainscotted in carved oak, while open carved oak rafter-work supports the roof. It contains many fine portraits by famous masters

Photo by] **The Library, Trinity College** [*Bingley*

This library, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, is the finest in Cambridge after the Public Library, and possesses many rare MSS., among them two priceless volumes, one of which has much of Milton's poetry written in his own hand, the other consisting of mathematical papers in the handwriting of Sir Isaac Newton. There are also some rare Caxtons and a collection of early Shakespearean books. Special notice should be taken of the magnificent series of busts of some of the most eminent men of ancient and modern times

The New Court, Trinity College

Trinity College was founded in 1546 by Henry VIII., and consists of three courts or quadrangles, of which illustrations are given on this and the preceding page. English Sovereigns visiting Cambridge are always entertained at Trinity

Photos by *Bingley*

The Great Court, Trinity College

This Court is the largest of the Trinity quadrangles. On the west side is the Master's Lodge, which contains fine suites of rooms for the use of Royal visitors. Among famous Trinity men have been Bacon, George Herbert, Andrew Marvell, Newton, Porson, Byron, and Macaulay

The River Cam and "The Backs" by King's College

The Chapel belonging to King's College is one of the best examples of Perpendicular Gothic Architecture in the world, and inspired two of Wordworth's finest sonnets

Photos by *Bingley*

Another View of "The Backs," Showing Clare Bridge

Clare Hall is the most pleasantly situated of any College in the University, and its buildings are the most uniform. It was built in the fourteenth century by Elizabeth de Burg, heiress of the last Earl of Clare, from whom it takes its name, Clare is one of the most sporting Colleges

The Bridge of Sighs
Which connects the buildings of St. John's College

St. John's College, from the River Cam
Among eminent scholars at St. John's have been Roger Ascham, Ben Jonson, Thomas Otway, Matthew Prior, Wordsworth, and Henry Kirke White

Photos by *Bingley*

A Picturesque View of St. John's from one of the Quadrangles

On the left is seen the entrance gateway, an imposing structure with four corner turrets. The Master's Lodge of St. John's is stored with a valuable collection of paintings, while the library is rich in rare Elizabethan controversial tracts

Photo by *Bingley*

The Avenue, Trinity College

A famous Cambridge "Walk." The "Walks" of Trinity are particularly fine, forming nearly a rectangle, about a third of a mile in length on the side of the Cam

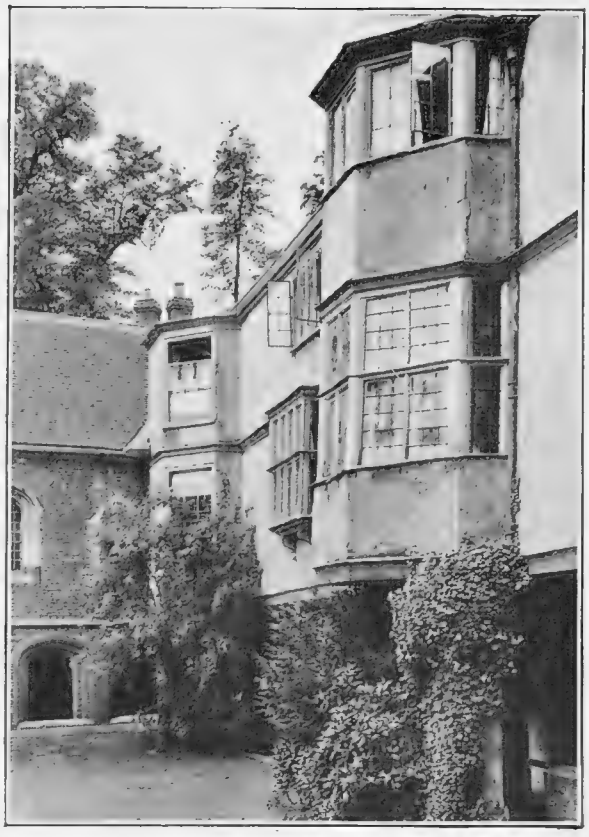


Photo by *Bingley*

Cloister Court, Queen's College

This College was founded by Margaret of Anjou and Elizabeth Woodville, in 1448-9. Our illustration shows one of the quaint old-world nooks so frequently found among the Cambridge Colleges

Photo by *Bingley*

King Edward's Gate

Photo by *Bennett*

The King's Gate

TWO FAMOUS GATES AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

SNAGGE'S CORN CURE

By FRANK RICHARDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

"Can you see Mr. Snagge, sir?"

"Mr. Snagge! What class of Snagge? What does he look like?"

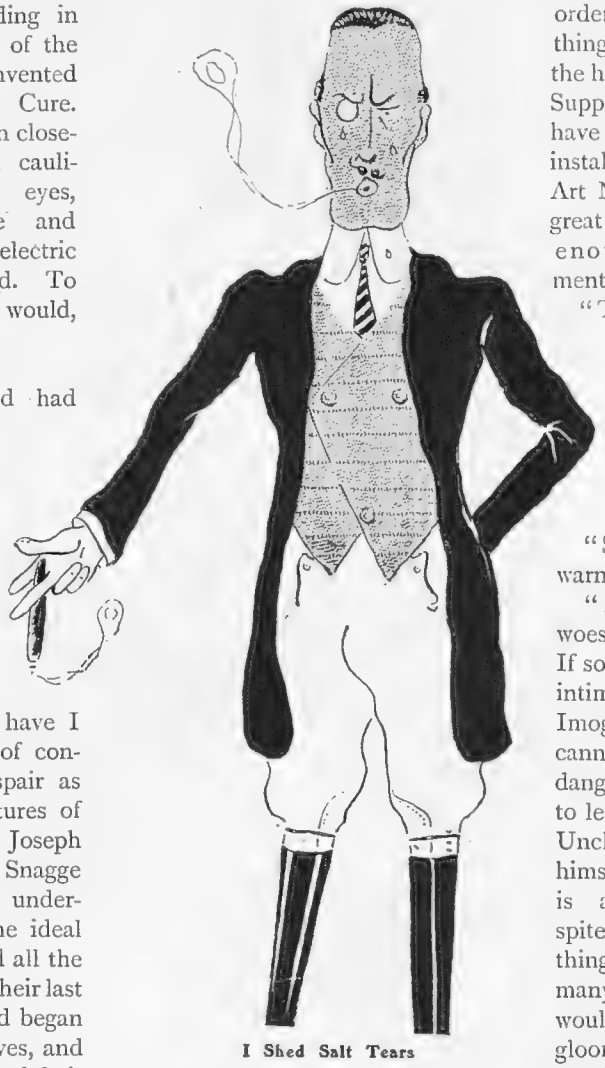
"He looks like an undertaker—a dismal-looking gentleman. He *says* he's Mr. John B. Snagge, but he doesn't resemble his pictures."

The footman seemed pleased with the word "resemble" (it is a high-class word).

Pictures? John B. Snagge! Of course. Every hoarding in the world bears a picture of the famous scientist who invented Snagge's Infallible Corn Cure. A splendid fellow he is, with close-curled hair like a black cauliflower, large glittering eyes, magnificent moustache and imperial, and wearing an electric light in place of a stud. To meet this scientific genius would, indeed, be a pleasure.

"Show him in, Joseph."

The man who entered had apparently made a corner in gloom, and secured no profit on the deal. It has been my evil fortune to encounter many persons with whom fate has dealt unkindly. I have seen all the great criminals of our day, facing their doom in the Old Bailey dock. But never have I witnessed such a picture of concentrated sorrow and despair as was stamped on the features of the eminent corn-curist. Joseph had made no mistake. Snagge undoubtedly resembled an undertaker. He was, indeed, the ideal undertaker. But, even had all the corpses that have gone to their last resting-place since the world began been his own near relatives, and had he himself stage-managed their interments, Mr. Snagge could not have presented a more dejected demeanour than that which he now wore. He represented universal sorrow and soul-shattering grief in tabloid form. He was hairless, except for slight whisker-fittings, of the form generally known as "Let-us-pray" whiskers. But these decorations did not, in his case, seem at all comic. In fact, they heightened—if that were possible—the dead black melancholy of his appearance. From the condition of his undertaking kit, it was evident that his financial position was far from sound.



I Shed Salt Tears

"Be seated, Mr. Snagge. I am delighted to meet you."

Mr. Snagge seated himself; but a wave of his hand negatived the idea that anybody could possibly be delighted to meet him.

Said he:

"I have come to warn you of a great danger."

"All flesh is grass," I answered, trying to strike the right note. "We are here to-day: and to-morrow we are . . . elsewhere."

"I have not come to talk business,' he protested reproachfully.

"Good, good. I was afraid you had. And I couldn't possibly give you an order. When I want to do anything in your line, I shall be in the hands of the Economic Funeral Supply Association to whom I have already paid the tenth instalment of a Twenty-guinea Art Nouveau Burial Outfit. My great object in life is to live long enough to complete the payments."

"They are a good firm. They turn out very good stuff."

He spoke technically, but with a lack of professional jealousy which appeared prejudicial to his success as a funeral furnisher.

"Still, as I said, I have come to warn you of a great danger."

"Let us have it, sir. Great woes seem to be your special line. If sorrow is coming my way, kindly intimate the brand. Is it Aunt Imogen or Uncle James? No I cannot, in my own mind, fix the danger. Aunt Imogen is not likely to leave me a cent. And as to Uncle James, he has not been himself for years. Besides, he is a Christian Scientist. In spite of that unpromising state of things, he may yet be with us for many happy years. But his decease would not involve me in deep gloom. However, if he should require anything in your line, I will gladly give you a letter to him. I should like—I should really like you to bury Uncle James."

Said he, ignoring my interruption:

"You are yourself in danger."

"No, no, no; surely not. I am well and strong I can sit up and take nourishment at the usual hours. Also, I am unmarried. Further, I do not take any interest in things fiscal, I don't know radium from rat poison, and, lastly, I am not a passive resister. My days will be long in the land."

"That's the curse," he answered grimly. "You will survive your career."

"That's bad."

"It's the devil. I've done it. You will end like me.'

"Good heavens! In whiskers!"

"In the workhouse. Listen. To-day, after a

(All rights reserved)

funeral—neat, but not fashionable — I chanced to drop into the Chamberlain's Head, a neighbouring public-house. There I happened to see in a newspaper that you had invented a new hair restorer—*Anti-Baldo*."

This was true. In the intervals of the deep thought required by my literary labours, I had played about with various toilet mixtures, and evolved, by means of tooth-paste, gout specific, mouth-wash, and pounded liver pills, a preparation which might or might not restore hair. (Any preparation which may or may not restore hair can be sold at a large profit as a hair restorer to an unthinking public.) I had, therefore, resolved to put my new hair invigorator, *Anti-Baldo*, on the market. Nowadays it is the duty of literary men to do some good to humanity. If a writer is pleased with a stylographic pen, or a breakfast food, or a dog biscuit, he feels bound to allow the publication of his photograph, and his affidavit, for the benefit of his fellow-men. His nature is noble. But actors also do good work in this way.

"Yes," said I thoughtfully; "*Anti-Baldo* is a national boon. It will make hair grow on a turnip. I have tried it on a parquet floor, and grown a woolly hearthrug. But of course I shall do better later. A man can't expect his *first* restorer to be a masterpiece. My first epic poem was not really good; in fact—though this is not conclusive evidence—no publisher will take it. Again, a man's first wife is generally his worst. But . . . weren't you talking about a . . . danger?"

"I have not had much chance of talking about anything up to now. Most of this duet has been sung by you."

"Proceed, Mr. Snagge; the house is with you."

It was thus that he proceeded:

"Do I, or do I not, present the appearance of a successful man?"

On reflection I answered, having no wish to pain him:

"Only a very rich man could afford to dress so poorly as you; therefore I am not deceived. You have amassed a huge fortune by your admirable corn cure, and you have gone in for undertaking as a hobby. It is, perhaps, a gruesome idea; still, it is more humane than . . . say . . motoring, or the promotion of public companies. A man of your wealth, Mr. Snagge, can afford to dress like a "Has-been" of the first water."

"The Man who entered had apparently made a corner in gloom"

Sadly he shook his head. "There is no deception about my appearance. I *am* poor, terribly poor, incredibly poor. I . . . Snagge!"

"Impossible! With a somewhat optimistic picture of yourself disfiguring every landscape on God's fair earth!"

His melancholy seemed to increase as he droned on:

"Many years ago–forty years ago –I was one of the best known men of letters in this country."

"You, Snagge!"

"I, even I. Five plays of mine were running in London at the same time. Companies performing my works toured in America, Australia, the provinces. My novels ran into ten editions. My puns were quoted everywhere—even in polite society. Ladies of title recited my poems. In a word, I was THE man, Snagge, *the* wit, *the* dramatist; and my income was twenty thousand pounds."

"You astound me!"

"Fact." Tremulously he asked, "Have you, a literary man, never . . . . heard . . . . of me?"

"Your corn cure is world-famous, but——"

Tears came into his eyes; then he continued:—

"At the height of my fame, I invented that infernal corn cure."

"Oh, sir, surely the adjective is badly chosen!"

"Pardon me. Originally I had intended it to be a sort of seccotine or mucilage; but my late wife accidentally applied it to her feet —she was a great sufferer—with marvellous results. A man of letters is human. Should I have been justified in keeping my wonderful discovery from the world? No, sir. For the good of humanity I parted with it, my facsimile autograph and the copyright of my features, —as they then were—to a syndicate for a nominal price. I made practically nothing out of the transaction. But humanity—and the syndicate—made much."

I shook the noble fellow by the hand. After struggling with his sorrow he spoke again:

"That was my ruin. The success of the corn cure was the destruction of its inventor."

"I don't understand?"

"In this way. Immediately after the launching of my specific, I called on the manager of a theatre and proposed to write him a drama. Instead of welcoming the proposal, he said, 'Snagge, old man, you are a great genius as well as a good fellow. Instead of writing me this play, I want you to invent a cure for double dyspepsia, to which, as you know, I am a martyr. You are the only man in the world who can do it! Help me, friend.'

"Now I was a literary man first and a quack afterwards. I could not spend my time pottering about in search of remedies for the internal troubles of theatrical managers. I told him so, kindly but firmly. He said that I was a great scientist and could help him, *if I wanted to.* Anyhow, he stated that he wouldn't put up a play of mine until I had cured his dyspepsia. So it was with all the other managers. One had spinal catarrh, another had nasal neuritis, a third was threatened with concavity of the cranium, and wanted me to give up my literary labours and deal with his problem then and there. Instead of allowing me to submit a scenario of a play, each one insisted on giving me the scenario of an astounding ailment. Theatrical managers seem to be the frailest of their sex, which is saying much. And yet, since I have gone into the undertaking business I cannot say that I have knowingly buried a single impresario. . . . I wish I had.

"As it was with the managers, so it was with the publishers. They also were in poor health. When I called on them for an interview they demanded a consultation. It was idle to explain that, though I had invented a corn cure, I was powerless to deal with cancer. They resented my attitude. Literature, they maintained, was all very well; but anybody could write more or less as I wrote, whereas nobody else was gifted with the curative faculties which I possessed. My first duty was to alleviate the sufferings of humanity—beginning, of course, with the sufferings of publi hers and those who were near and dear to them. From them, as from the managers, I departed with anger. Clearly they regarded me as the most selfish scientist the world had ever known."

"Poor, poor Snagge!"

"You may well say that," answered my melancholy friend. "Things went very badly with me after this. My plays could not be produced, my novels could not be published. Soon those dramas of mine which were 'on the road' came to the end of their popularity and were withdrawn. The sale of my novels ceased. 'Who,' asked one of the papers, 'wants to read the romances of a literary chiropodist?' The answer was, 'Nobody.' I had, indeed, fallen on very evil days. My last recourse was my paper, a weekly journal, *This and That,* to which I contributed a column of gossipy chaff and punning pleasan ries. (In my day, punning was not considered a grievous solecism in good manners, like dropping one's h's or eating peas with a knife. No, sir, a punster was held to be a humorist, and welcomed as an honoured guest in the early sixties.)

"But the circulation of my journal fell off alarmingly. I found that I had ceased to be regarded as a writer. I had ceased to be regarded as a human being, but rather as a specific for the curing of human corns. I was rapidly falling into poverty when the last blow fell. The syndicate to which I had sold my preparation brought an action against me."

"Against you? Good heavens, what for?"

Impressively, as one exposing the depths of human villainy, he answered:

"For being myself, for using my own name! They had the temerity to allege that I had sold my name, John B. Snagge, to them! They sought an injunction—a perpetual injunction—in the Courts to prevent my using it for trading purposes. Further, they pleaded that by writing what they called—of course, in legal phraseology—'idiotic nonsense' I was adversely affecting the sale of my own corn cure and sought to recover damages. And . . . they won . . . and they ruined me. For all practical purposes I ceased to be John B. Snagge—except in so far as writs were concerned. The syndicate became John B. Snagge and I became simply a cipher. By process of law they wiped me out of the land of the living."

He ceased; his grief was too deep for words.

I felt that any attempt at consolation in the face of this colossal disaster would have been an impertinence.

Of the past it was impossible to speak. The future . . . might . . . be more cheerful.

"I hear," said I, "that there is a great deal of illness about. Even theatrical managers and publishers are mortal—I do not say human—but, I maintain, mortal. Business may soon be brisk."

"Too late," he answered. "I became an undertaker when I was past my prime. I shall never do anything at it. My heart is not in it. And, indeed, I only took it up because I was fit for nothing else. They say," he added with a touch of pride, "that I am a very sympathetic mourner, that I have a cosy graveside manner."

"A natural gift! You are to the manner born!"

"No; my talents are acquired—acquired by my misfortunes: a one per cent. dividend in the bankruptcy of my life. With each corpse that I take to its resting-place I feel that I am burying——"

"The ghost of a great career," I interrupted, with emotion. Indeed, I shed salt tears.

"No! that infernal corn-curing syndicate!"

Suddenly he rose:

"That is why I have come to warn you against putting your hair restorer on the market."

"I thank you, Mr. Snagge; I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have saved me from a great peril. Can I do anything . . . financial assistance . . . anything of any sort . . . brothers of a craft . . . only too pleased?"

"You can give me precisely one shilling and a penny halfpenny."

"Delighted. But why that precise sum?"

"That is the cost of a tube of Snagge's Corn Cure. I suffer from corns in my old age! —— it!"

Then he went out into the sunshine.

MOST AWKWARD

Convivial Party (spotting a supposed friend): "Hu*llo*, old boy, you're quite a stranger!"
Stranger (frigidly): "*Quite*, I think."

BRIDGE

In consequence of the number of solutions of our competition rubber sent in, it is doubtful whether it will be possible to announce the result next week.

Shortly there will commence

A New and Simpler Competition

Simpler because many of the competitors in the rubber which has just come to an end have found a natural difficulty in playing four exposed hands as if they only saw two of them. The Competition will be a weekly one—that is, prizes will be awarded each week.

Analysis of Our Competition Rubber

THE FIRST HAND

There is nothing doubtful about the declaration of the first hand. It would be inexcusable for A to declare spades, and he leaves it to B, who declares diamonds. Neither Y nor Z have strength to double on; and Y opens with the fourth highest of his long suit—♣ 7. Some players would begin with ♥ K. to get a look at Dummy; but with such cards of re-entry, the sooner Y opens his long suit the better, and, as it happens, if he does open from A. K. 10, he give A a trick in hearts. This is the play of the hand:

THE FIRST HAND OF THE RUBBER.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♣ 7	♣ Q	♣ 4	♣ 3
2	♠ A	♠ 8	♠ 3	♠ Q
3	♣ 2	♣ A	♣ 6	♣ 5
4	♦ 5	♦ 2	♦ 10	♦ 9
5	♥ K	♥ 4	♥ 8	♥ Q
6	♣ K	♦ 3	♣ 8	♣ J
7	♦ 8	♦ A	♦ 4	♠ 2
8	♠ 5	♦ Q	♦ K	♠ 6
9	♥ 10	♥ 6	♥ 5	♥ 3
10	♥ A	♥ 7	♥ 2	♥ J
11	♣ 10	♦ 6	♦ J	♠ 9
12	♠ 7	♥ 9	♠ 4	♠ K
13		♦ 7		

The result is Y Z, 7 tricks; A B, 6 tricks.

There is no great difficulty about the play, Y does his best to keep the lead in B's hand; Z leads up to the weak heart suit as often as he gets in. A finds trumps awkward to deal with, for he cannot put himself in to lead through the ace, queen. He begins, therefore, with a little one from B, on the chance of catching the king with the ace on the second round; he follows ace with queen, for he knows that it makes no difference which he leads.

The alternative way of playing the hand is for Y to open with the king of hearts, which is quite allowable:

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♥ K	♥ 4	♥ 2	♥ 3
2	♠ A	♠ 8	♠ 3	♠ 2
3	♣ 7	♣ Q	♣ 4	♣ 3
4	♦ 5	♦ 2	♦ 10	♦ 9
5	♥ A	♥ 6	♥ 8	♥ Q
6	♣ 2	♣ A	♣ 6	♣ 5
7	♦ 8	♦ A	♦ 4	♠ 6
8	♠ 5	♦ Q	♦ K	♣ J
9	♥ 10	♥ 7	♥ 5	♥ J
10	♠ 7	♥ 9	♠ 4	♠ K
11	♣ 9	♦ 3	♠ J	♠ Q
12	♣ 10	♦ 7	♦ J	♠ 9
13		♦ 6		

RESULT

A B win 7 tricks; Y Z 6 tricks.

SCORE AT END OF FIRST HAND

A B	Y Z	or	A B	Y Z
	12			12
6			6	

THE SECOND HAND OF THE RUBBER.

Y declares no-trumps. The hand is too strong for diamonds. A leads the fourth best of his long suit, ♦ 3.

Tricks	A	Z	B	Y
1	♦ 3	♦ 5	♦ A	♦ 7
2	♦ 2	♥ 3	♦ 6	♦ K
3	♣ 7	♣ 10	♣ 2	♣ A
4	♠ 2	♣ J	♣ 3	♣ 4
5	♥ 9	♣ K	♣ 5	♣ 6
6	♥ J	♣ Q	♣ 8	♣ 9
7	♠ 4	♠ 3	♠ 6	♠ A
8	♠ J	♠ 5	♠ 7	♠ K
9	♦ 4	♥ 5	♠ 8	♦ Q
10	♦ 8	♥ 7	♥ 2	♦ J
11	♦ 10			
12	♠ Q			
13	♥ A			

RESULT

Y Z win 9 tricks and first game.
A B win 4 tricks.

There is little difficulty about the play. As soon as Y gets in, he makes his clubs to force his adversaries to discard. A should not be deceived by Y's playing the king of diamonds on the second round, since B returned him the six; therefore, he discards to keep his diamonds, and his guarded queen of spades. At trick ten Y makes sure of the game, since he cannot for certain place the ace of hearts in A's hands, and so have the diamonds led up to him. If, however, as is probable, he made the odd trick on the first hand, he is already game, and goes for the extra trick; and this is the play of the last four tricks:

Tricks	A	Z	B	Y
10	♥ A	♥ 7	♠ 8	♥ 10
11	♠ Q	♠ 9	♥ 6	♥ 4
12	♦ 10	♥ 8	♠ K	♦ J
13	♦ 8	♠ 10	♥ Q	♦ 9

The result is:

Y Z win 10 tricks.
A B win 3 tricks.

The score of the first game is:

A B	Y Z
	+ 12
	6 48

or

A B	Y Z
	+ 12
6	36

The Third Hand

B deals, and is confronted with a doubtful declaration, whether to declare clubs or leave it. The score is love-all with a game against him; he has an excellent supporting hand to a no-trumper, or red-suit declaration; there is very little justification for his declaring clubs, and he leaves it. A declares spades. Z is confronted with the question whether he ought to double or not. He has a good hand, but is on the wrong side of the declarant; yet since he has two honours, it was probably a defensive declaration from weakness, and he doubles. Neither A nor B is strong enough to redouble. Z leads his fourth best diamond.

Play of the Hand

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
1	♦ 7	♦ 4	♦ K	♦ 2
2	♦ A	♦ 9	♦ 6	♦ Q
3	♥ 3	♥ 5	♥ 9	♥ K
4	♣ A	♣ 6	♣ 2	♣ K
5	♥ 4	♥ A	♥ 10	♥ 2
6	♣ 5	♣ 8	♣ 3	♣ 9
7	♣ 7	♥ 8	♣ 4	♣ Q
8	♦ 8	♥ J	♦ 3	♦ J
9	♥ Q	♠ 5	♠ 9	♥ 7
10	♠ A	♠ 2	♠ 3	♠ K
11	♦ 10	♠ 6	♦ 5	♥ 6
12	♠ 8	♠ Q	♠ 4	♣ J
13	♠ J	♠ 7	♠ 10	♣ 10

Result

A B win seven tricks.
Y Z win six tricks.

There are other ways of playing it; but the result is the same. But clubs are a legitimate declaration; and they are not doubled. Z opens his long diamnnd suit with his fourth best.

Play of the Hand

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
1	♦ 7	♦ 4	♦ K	♦ 2
2	♠ A	♠ 2	♠ 3	♠ K
3	♦ A	♦ 9	♦ 3	♦ Q
4	♥ 3	♥ 5	♥ 9	♥ K
5	♣ A	♣ 6	♣ 2	♣ K
6	♠ 8	♠ Q	♠ 4	♥ 2
7	♣ 5	♣ 8	♣ 3	♣ 9
8	♣ 7	♠ 5	♣ 4	♣ Q
9	♥ 4	♥ J	♥ 10	♥ 6
10	♥ Q	♥ A	♦ 5	♥ 7
11				♣ J
12				♣ 10
13				♦ J

Result

A B win nine tricks.
Y Z win four tricks.

Score of Third Hand

A B	Y Z
	4
4	

or

A B	Y Z
32	
12	

The Fourth Hand of the Rubber

Z deals. He cannot go hearts. It is a question whether he should make a defensive black declaration; but with two long suits and a singleton, he leaves it; and Y declares spades. B, with four to three honours, two aces, and a king, doubles. If Z does make a defensive black declaration, it must be spades, he would never dare to risk the double in clubs on such a hand; and again B doubles.

Play of the Hand

Tricks	A	Y	B	Z
1	♠ 3	♠ 2	♠ 10	♠ 8
2	♥ K	♥ 6	♥ 3	♥ 2
3	♠ 5	♠ 9	♠ J	♣ 3
4	♦ Q	♦ 5	♦ 2	♦ 6
5	♣ 7	♣ 4	♣ K	♣ 5
6	♦ 3	♥ 8	♥ A	♥ 4
7	♠ 6	♥ Q	♥ 10	♥ 7
8	♠ 7	♠ A	♠ 4	♥ 5
9	♣ J	♣ 9	♣ 2	♣ 6
10	♦ 7	♦ 9	♦ A	♦ 8
11	♣ 8	♠ Q	♠ K	♥ J
12	♦ K	♦ 10	♦ 4	♣ 10
13	♣ A			

RESULT

A B win 12 tricks.
Y Z win 1 trick.

Since his partner has doubled spades, and has possibly less strength in trumps than if he had doubled any other suit, A begins with the lowest of four, and so shows his partner that he holds four.

At Trick 5 A stops leading trumps, not only because he is drawing two to one, but also because, if Y puts in the Ace and leads the Queen, A and B's remaining trumps fall together.

At Trick 6 B knows that A has no more hearts by his not leading through the Queen, leads his Ace, and gives him a ruff.

Score at end of Fourth Hand :

A B	Y Z
20	
4	4
4	
24	

or

A B	Y Z
20	
4	
32	
12	
24	

THE FIFTH HAND OF THE RUBBER

A deals, and declares hearts. Since A B are 28, Y doubles; on such a hand he could double at most points in the game. He leads the King of clubs.

PLAY OF THE HAND.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♣ K	♣ 4	♣ 2	♣ 5
2	♠ K	♠ 2	♠ 3	♠ A
3	♥ 4	♥ Q	♦ 4	♥ 3
4	♦ 9	♦ K	♦ 3	♦ 2
5	♥ 5	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 8
6	♣ Q	♣ 6	♣ 3	♣ 9
7	♣ A	♣ 7	♣ 8	♣ 10
8	♠ Q	♠ 5	♠ 4	♠ 7
9	♥ 10	♥ 2	♦ 6	♥ J
10	♥ 6	♦ J	♦ 7	♦ Q
11	♠ J	♠ 6	♠ 9	♥ 7
12				♥ K
13				♥ A

RESULT

A B win 7 tricks.
Y Z win 6 tricks.

After the fifth trick the game resolves itself into a struggle on A's part to make the seven of trumps.

Score of Fifth Hand and Second Game :

A B	Y Z
32	
20	16
4	4
4	
24	
16	

or

A B	Y Z
32	
20	
4	
32	16
12	
24	
16	

"PROBLEMATICUS."

Received

"Badsworth" On Bridge. (Putnam). Warington's Durable Bridge Marker. (Potter, 56, Ludgate Hill.)

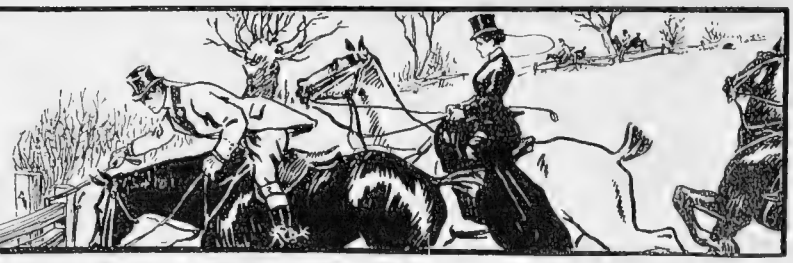
Medal Struck to Commemorate Mr. Chamberlain's Visit to South Africa

This medal, handsomely executed in copper, is the work of Mr. Joseph Fray, Birmingham. The face of the medal needs no explanation. The reverse, however, is allegorical, containing an extract from one of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches

Drawn by *Frank Stewart*

"'Ware Wire!'

In the Shires.



NOTE.—*The North Warwickshire Hunt, treated below, is the last of a series of articles on popular hunts, which has been running in "The Bystander" from its commencement. Previous numbers contain accounts, fully illustrated, of the following hunts:—No. 1 (December 9), Lord Zetland's and the Warwickshire. No. 2 (December 16), the Bramham Moor. No. 3 (December 23), the Hertfordshire. No. 4 (December 30), the Bicester. No. 5 (January 6), the Belvoir. No. 6 (January 13), the Quorn. No. 7 (January 20), the New Forest Foxhounds and Deerhounds. No. 8 (January 27), the Puckeridge. No. 9 (February 3), the Garth. No. 10 (February 10), the Duke of Beaufort's. No. 11 (February 17), the Old Berkeley. No. 12 (February 24), The Whaddon Chase. With the commencement of the next Hunting Season we shall begin a fresh series*

Hunting

The North Warwickshire Hunt

Though the North Warwickshire Hunt has attained a high position among provincial establishments, it cannot boast of a long record as an independent concern. Strictly speaking, it can only date back to 1853, when Mr. Selby Lowndes, at the instance of the principal landowners of the district, forsook the Vale of Aylesbury to hunt the country which the Warwickshire Hunt had been obliged to leave derelict in response to pressing calls nearer to headquarters. When, in 1792, Mr. Corbet brought his hounds to Stratford-on-Avon to preside over the whole of Warwickshire for twenty seasons, the northern side was worked from kennels at Meriden, and this arrangement continued throughout his illustrious epoch. From Mr. Corbet's retirement, in 1812, North Warwickshire was practically neglected, and so it remained till 1832, when Mr. Vyner, the author of "Notitia Venatica," got together a pack under the present denomination. Six years later, Mr. Shaw Hellier assumed the mastership, and, in succession to him, Mr. Wilson kept the ball rolling till 1845. Then came another interregnum of eight years, so that all Mr. Vyner's efforts to found a permanent institution proved abortive. It should be added, however, that Mr. Corbet hunted some of the North Warwickshire coverts at least twelve years before settling down at Stratford, from kennels near Lichfield.

Its Masters

Though Mr. Selby Lowndes only tarried for two seasons before moving to the adjacent Atherstone country, an able successor was forthcoming in Mr. Baker, who reigned for seven years, during which much was done to improve the pack. Then came Mr. Oswald Milne to remain for a similar period; while Mr. Lant signalised his accession, in 1879, by engaging Tom Firr, who had never graduated as a first whipper-in, to hunt the hounds. The celebrated huntsman showed such sport that ere three seasons had elapsed he was claimed by the Quorn country; but Mr. Lant retained the mastership till 1884, marking his last season by his wise appointment of Tom Carr, who still carries the horn, as huntsman. Mr. Lort Phillips was master from 1884-88, and then

The North Warwickshire Foxhounds at Hillmorton Village. This is one of the Choicest Fixtures in the District, and Never Fails to Attract a Large Field

Tom Carr, the Huntsman, takes the North Warwickshire Pack Out for Exercise

Another Portrait of Tom Carr, who was Appointed Huntsman by Mr. Lant, in 1884

A Hunting Party off to Draw with the North Warwickshire Pack. The Popularity of the Hunt may be Gauged from the Large Party Following the Hounds

came Mr. Ashton, who, during a highly successful term of six years, did wonders in kennel, leaving behind him a beautiful pack of hounds, all bitches, of which the present master, Mr. J. P. Arkwright, assisted during his first seven years of office by Lord Algernon Percy, was not slow to avail himself, with the result that the fifty couples of hounds that occupy the Kenilworth benches are as smart a pack as could be wished, and need not fear comparison with their distinguished neighbours.

Sir P. A. Muntz, M.P. (on horseback), an Active Patron of the Hunt, Holds a Conference with Mr. J. Arkwright, who has been Master since 1894

In the Field with the North Warwickshire: A Hunting Party Going to Willoughby from Cook's Gorse

The Country

Though the North Warwickshire country is no more than twelve miles or so in length, it extends over a considerable distance from East to West, while its variety is remarkable. The country on the Rugby side is quite first-rate, Hillmorton being one of the choicest fixtures in the district, and never failing to attract a large field, among which are to be found some of the best riders of the day. Hillmorton is on the borders of the Pytchley country, but it is quite possible to run over the wide pastures of the Warwickshire country from the coverts drawn during the day. There is also a large percentage of grass on the Henley-in-Arden side, some distance west of Warwick. As for the rest of the country, there is a good deal of fairly light plough to be crossed, while on the western border and in the centre there are some large woodlands. In the north-western corner of the country operations are nowadays somewhat hampered by the extension of the city of Birmingham, and when that vicinity is visited by hounds, the field of sportsmen present is wont to exceed desirable proportions. From end to end of the country the Hunt is well supported, Lord Leigh, one of the largest landowners, having always been the best of patrons, while Sir P. A. Muntz, on the Rugby side, renders much valuable assistance, and is always ready to show the way when hounds run over the grass.

L. J. B.

Photo by *Reid*

Salmon Fishing on Loch Tay: A Big Catch

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Sunningdale Golf Club

At the stage of life which I have, alas, reached, it is a delightful sensation to experience a pleasurable surprise. Such an event unhappily tends to become rarer and rarer as time creeps on, and therefore any day on which it occurs must be marked with a red letter. In my case the pleasant surprise came to me through a day's golf at Sunningdale. I had heard, from time to time, varying accounts of the progress of the course, sometimes pessimistic, more often optimistic, but all tending to prove that at Sunningdale the enthusiasts of the district had the makings of a very fine course in their hands. But nothing that I had heard prepared me for the reality. In a word, I found myself on an inland links which seems absolutely free from the drawbacks usual to such links, and which, in the boldness and science of its laying-out, has all the elements and essentials of a true championship course. To have created such a course at a short hour's distance by rail from London reflects the utmost credit on the founders of the club, and adds immensely to the amenities of Metropolitan golf.

Mr. H. C. Clarke, Captain of the Sunningdale Club, and one of the best known Sportsmen on the Stock Exchange

The Founders of the Club, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Longman

It gives me great pleasure to put on record, in the columns of THE BYSTANDER, the names of the two men who were mainly instrumental in founding the club. To Mr. T. A. Roberts belongs the credit of having first spied out the promised land, and Sunningdale golfers have the same cause for blessing his name as Sandwich golfers have that of Dr. Purves. Without their keen enthusiasm and prophetic vision, two of the waste places of the earth would, perhaps, still be lying in dreary solitude instead of blossoming out into the centres of active and prosperous life which they now are. It must have needed even more boldness and prescience in Mr. Roberts's case than in Dr. Purves's, for the latter saw a fine course lying almost ready to his hand, apparently planned by nature for the game, whereas at Sunningdale there was, in 1899, when the luminous idea first occurred to Mr. Roberts, nothing but a vast stretch of tangled furze and heath land. In due course my friend Mr. H. H. Longman, the second "father" of the club, a resident in the neighbourhood, and well known for his great love of the game to all players, from Bembridge in the South to St. Andrews in the North, got an inkling of what was in the wind. He, like many others in that neighbourhood, had been mainly dependent on the Ascot course for his daily golfing sustenance. Now I do not wish to say a word against that excellent course, which for years has kept the game alive in that district, but its most fervent admirer would be forced to admit that, in these days of Haskell balls and general improvement of the Southern player, it was deficient in many respects. Mr. Longman, therefore, on learning from Mr. Roberts the outlines of his daring scheme for a really big and first-class course, had no hesitation in joining forces with him, and thus the two fathers of the club came together, and, putting their shoulders to the wheel, brought their extremely difficult and arduous undertaking to a successful conclusion, aided by the unwearying assistance and enthusiasm of the friends whom they enlisted in the good cause.

The Laying Out of the Course

Messrs. Roberts and Longman soon got together a powerful syndicate of golfing friends, and secured a lease of the ground from the landlords, the authorities of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Lord Onslow, the latter being proprietor of only a small, but necessary part of the

The Club House at Sunningdale

ground. Their next step was to secure the services of the most eminent professional layer out of courses—namely. Willie Park—to carve out the new course. Here I may remark that in all their steps the authorities at Sunningdale have been guided by one great principle throughout their undertaking—that of securing the best possible human article for the purposes of the club which was to be had for love or money. In the choice of their professional adviser (Willie Park), their secretary (Mr. H. S. Colt), and their professional (Jack White), this principle stands clearly out. It was no light task which confronted Willie Park, and for some time golf was emphatically agriculture, for powerful ploughs had to be used to tear out the furze and undergrowth, and the whole space roughly mapped out for the course had to be prepared for the sowing of grass, which was entrusted to the capable hands of Messrs. James Carter & Co. It was during the period of the growth of this grass that such varying reports came to hand, and it was only by untiring and repeated experiments in the mixing of grass seeds that a satisfactory blend was at last found. All this herculean labour was carried on throughout the year 1900 and most of 1901. Meantime Park was submitting his ideas for the course to the Committee. Now there are two methods open to a committee of laying out a course, a good and bad method. The latter consists in engaging a professional and following blindly whatever he may suggest; the former, that adopted at Sunningdale, consists in forming a small green committee of the best players of the club to consult with the professional and supervise his labours. In this way alone will you get a really satisfactory course. In Willie Park's case you can allow a freer hand than usual, for, more than most professionals, he has the true instincts for laying out a course, and his work at Sunningdale is a monument to his admirable efficiency.

The Sunningdale Golf Club: Jack White, the Club Professional, Attracts a Crowd on the Home Green

Here you have a course of a fine length, the total in yards being 6,248, and the holes themselves are of the proper varying lengths. I will not be tempted into the vortex of the discussion as to what constitutes an ideal length for a hole. That always makes me think of the pet political economy conundrum, "What is a pound?" The answer varies with the idiosyncrasy of the individual. On the day that I was at Sunningdale a strong westerly gale made a fool of most of the holes, while a twenty-four hours' deluge of rain the previous day made it a marvel that play was possible at all. But, guided in my round by the expert comments of Jack White, and disregarding the untoward elements of wind and wet, I was able to come to the conclusion that the Sunningdale course is laid out on the best possible principles, and affords as fine a test of golf as can be found anywhere. Following the admirable St. Andrews model, there are two excellent short holes, the fourth, under normal conditions, a cunning mashie shot on to a green beset with difficulties on all sides, and the eighth a fine driving mashie shot over rough and rising ground on to a fine big green. Of the long holes, I should single out the tenth as quite one of the best, where you drive off high ground down a narrow valley, pot bunkers to right and left, catching the crooked shot, and a very fine second, indeed, being necessary to reach the green, which is guarded on the right by a natural shoulder of ground, making the approach, if you are short in your second, a very ticklish business. There is a commendable absence throughout of that abomination of desolation, the cross trench bunker, straightness is rewarded and encouraged, and the wild player had better abstain from this course as the punishment to right and left is constant and severe. Plenty of room has been left for shifting the tees backward and forward, a precaution so necessary but so often overlooked where a new course is concerned. The soil of almost the whole of the course is of a fine, sandy, gravelly nature. To sum up, I venture to prophesy that in another year or two, when Sunningdale shall have reached its perfection, it will constitute one of the finest courses in the South of England, and will have a strong claim for consideration whenever any widening of the circle of championship courses is made.

Mr. H. S. Colt, The Secretary

The club has been most fortunate in securing Mr. H. S. Colt as its Secretary from the date of the inauguration of the course, in August, 1901. Like Sandwich, in the case of Mr. Ryder Richardson, Sunningdale profited by the shortsightedness of St. Andrews; and I should say that both clubs have been, metaphorically speaking, shaking themselves by the hand ever since. Mr. Colt, in addition to his admirable business qualities and his charming social gifts, possesses absolutely first-rate qualifications as an eminent golfer and sound judge and critic of the game. He has been a tower of strength to the club, and the excellent manner in which he conducts the business of the club is well exemplified by the duration of the general meeting, which happened to be held on the day of my visit. In ten minutes a new captain was elected and all business transacted. Happy and prosperous is the club whose annual meetings can be despatched with such celerity.

Jack White Holes at the Eighth Green

The New Captain, Mr. Henley Clarke

For the first two years of its existence, Mr. Longman was the captain of the club, being succeeded in 1903 by Lord Eldon, who, in his turn, gave place the other day to Mr. Henley Clarke, better known to a large circle of

devoted friends as "Uncle." Mr. Clarke was for very many years the honorary secretary of the Ascot Golf Club, of which he was the life and soul, a post he has only recently resigned. Bad health has prevented him in recent years from giving that enthusiastic attention to the game for which he was formerly noted, and his cheery presence has been sorely missed of late years at the various championship meetings, at which, in the old days, he was always the centre of fun and anecdote. Let us hope that renewed health will enable him, not only successfully to conduct the affairs of the Sunningdale Club (that is an assured result), but also once more to take his part in the various meetings of the golfing year.

Jack White, the Sunningdale Professional

Jack White has been professional at Sunningdale since the start, and a better man the Committee could not have found. Endeared to all golfers, not only on account of his admirable golfing powers, but also by his modest demeanour and his sterling qualities, Jack White is one of the best types of the modern professional. He has not yet crowned his career by winning the Open Championship, but he was third last year and fourth in 1901, a sufficient testimonial of his fighting qualities. I found him playing with all his accustomed length and accuracy the other day, and he was enthusiastic in his praises of the course, of which, he tells me, he never gets tired. This, from an old North Berwick man, is sufficient proof, if proof were needed, of the superb qualities of the course. In conclusion I need only add that the large and comfortable club house is only 200 yards distant from the Sunningdale Station on the South Western line, and that close to it is a large finely-planned dormy house, where members can sleep and have their bodily comforts catered for. Election to the club and dormy house is separate, election to the one not implying election to the other. The air at Sunningdale is magnificent, and some of the views from various points of the links are really beautiful. For the jaded Londoner, nothing more delightful can be imagined than a week-end visit to Sunningdale, what with its Dormy House, its Club, and its lovely course; and I will wager that, whoever pays such a visit there, will be longing for another dose of the same excellent physic.

Jack White, Driving

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Round the Thirteenth Green: A Good Panoramic View of the Sunningdale Course

Belinda

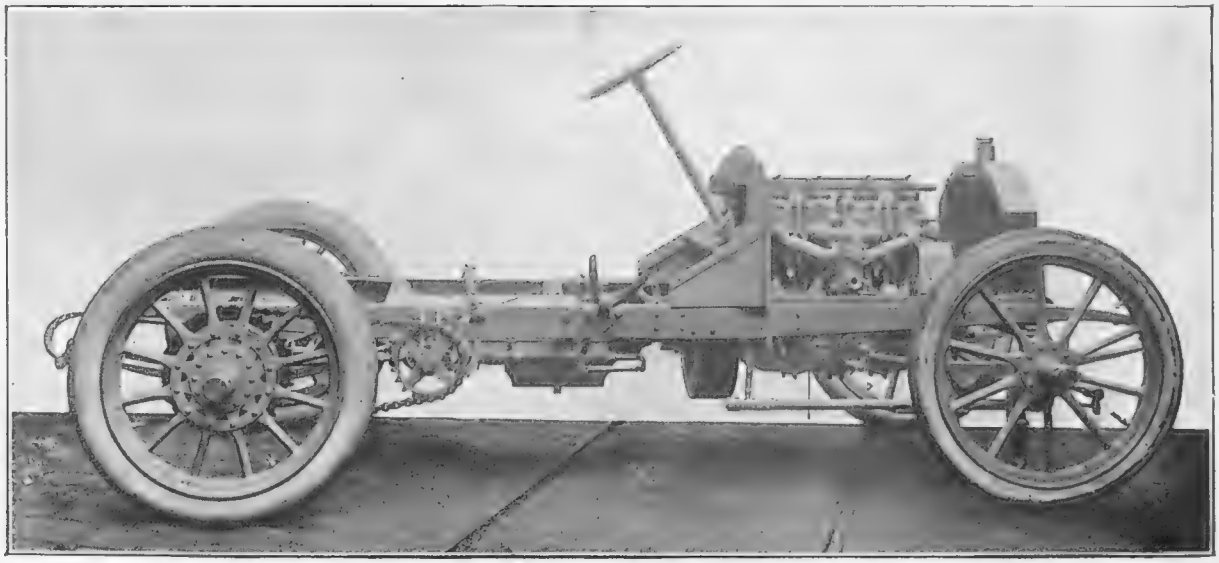
That is not her real name (which it is unnecessary to mention) but 'twill serve as well as any other, and she is well known in all journalistic circles for her many charming qualities. Her father is one of those distressingly well endowed persons who do not know what to do with their money, and so his daughter has a good time of it. She has many and varied occupations, but just now literature is her strong point. Editors she positively adores, and as she drives her own motor-car—a very smart Gladiator—*chauffeurs* come next, but a long way after. "Rhine Violets" is her favourite scent, but this, she remarked to me only the other day, is as nothing compared with the exquisite perfume of the printer's ink of a freshly pulled galley-proof of one of her cheerful articles in this journal with which our readers are so familiar, and which she always drives down in her car to revise every Monday morning. No air, she says, so fresh and crisp as that of Tallis Street; no music sounds so sweet in her shell-like ear as the banging of the printing presses in the basement of this establishment; her ambitions are at present altogether journalistic. Why does she want to write, one often asks her. "Because I like it" is her only reply. My own idea is that she desires sometimes to be able to suppress a too forward damsel of her acquaintance—"What are you doing now, Belinda?" "Oh, I'm on THE BYSTANDER." And so she *is*, on the outside cover, and we all think that it is a most excellent likeness of our truly delightful colleague.

Telephones

Now Belinda knows that I am let loose from one of those palatial edifices in Whitehall at one o'clock on Saturdays, where all the rest of the week I grind away an official existence for the good of a thoughtless and unappreciative public, so, ringing me up, merely remarks that she is driving down to the Crystal Palace to see the show, and that I am to be outside as Big Ben strikes the quarter. I must say I do admire Belinda's style of driving. She has two expressions in her speaking eye. One says, as plainly as can be, "Out of my way, *if* you please," and the other, "Thank you *so* much," and, using first the one and then the other—on one occasion both, at Sydenham, as we met two young bloods of that locality trying to drive a tandem, who gazed at her more or less open-mouthed—we arrived, and promptly "put up" at "Dunhill's Garage, No. 1."

We Arrive

I thank thee, Dunhill, for teaching me that word. It boots but little that it had no roof—that its walls were the four winds of Heaven still, thank goodness, it *was* a garage, and didst not thy minions cover up Belinda's car with a big tarpaulin, which, tied on to the wheels, kept all dry and snug withal?



Chassis of the New Crossley Car

The New Complete Crossley Car, the very Latest British Production

We Enter

And so we entered, and, after a modest lunch at the restaurant of the admirable Lyons, commenced our tour, of which I will say nothing, except that it took four solid hours to make a cursory inspection, and, weary and limp, accompanied by papa, who has arrived by train, we seek "The Garage" once again.

We Depart

"You drive," said Belinda, "I've got a pair of these big double muffs for holding the steering wheel with, just try them, aren't they lovely for a cold evening like this?"

"No, you keep your hands warm in them, I shall enjoy driving," is my reply as I grasp the wheel. I am always glad to drive Belinda's car. It has been so carefully used and well looked after that it hums along without any noise or clatter. Papa, feeling somewhat exhausted, has telegraphed up to London to have prepared what he terms a "good hot meal," which, being interpreted, means a dinner by that prince of *chefs*, in a private room at the Carlton, we not being in our proper war paint to meet the crowd in the public saloon, and as the wind bites keen, and the rear lamp burning but dimly, and the number I *know* well plastered with mud, I bustle along at a smart pace.

Our Opinions

And so during the drive, and still more at the dinner, do we discuss all that we have seen.

"What is the best car in the show?" says Papa, as he sips his second glass of Giesler '93.

"What do you mean by best?" I remark. "Best for you, for me, for Belinda, for the man in the suburbs, best for whom?"

"Oh! I mean the *best*, 'money no object'—that sort of thing, I mean, fast, quiet, plenty of room, not too much weight on the tyres——"

"Well, it's hard to say, the Léon Bollée is quite quiet, and evidently a regular flyer, but I expect you would have to have a French *chauffeur* to do it justice, and——"

"What do you think of the de Dietrich?"

"Another first-class foreign car, but why must you go abroad at all?"

"Oh, their cars are so light and graceful, and ours, even the best, have been so heavy and lumping."

"Well, they are not now, this new 22-horse Daimler, I hear, is very good indeed, and not heavy, and the 15-horse Napier is only 15 cwt. Still, a good Panhard takes a *lot* of beating."

"Yes; but I would rather have a British car, if possible. What about the Wolseley?"

"Well, I am a great believer in the horizontal engine, and they are certainly very reliable and splendidly finished. Did you see that beauty made for Kutch Behar?"

"When you have both *quite* finished," now chimes in Belinda, "I would like to know if *I* am to have a new car? I don't intend to unless there is something there *much* better than my Gladiator? Is there?"

"Not that I saw; but for any lady who wanted to start motoring, or, in fact, for anyone who did not want to spend very much, I would say the Cadillac. I was tremendously struck with it."

"What are the points?"

"Well, it has only two gears, and the power is varied by an arrangement varying the lift of the inlet valve, actuated by an "eccentric" on the crank shaft—to think that I should have lived to see the day of a gas engine with a steam engine eccentric instead of the usual chattering cam which *every* other car has—

instead of having to constantly change gears, the amount of charge admitted into the cylinder is controlled, and for really bad hills there is a crypto, which, when not in use, revolves solid and acts as a second flywheel, and——"

"Is it fast?"

"Well, it seems to scuffle along—about thirty miles an hour I should guess, and is *quite* silent, so silent that there is a little heel pedal which you open a door in the exhaust with when you want to hear the engine."

"Anything else that took your fancy?"

"I should say so. Here have I, for a year or so, been crying in a wilderness of pneumatic tyres, about solids—not only crying, but howling."

"Howl away; you are about five years either before or after your time, I don't know which."

"Well, this is 1904, I believe, and what do I see? Wolseleys and Daimlers on solids, and one car positively built up round them, with a detachable Brougham top, to go a good twenty miles an hour, the very *thing* for a country house."

"What is it called?"

"The 'Albion,' made by some 'canny Glesca' bodies,' and exactly my idea of a sound, sensible vehicle, with a most patent system of governing the engine. In my humble opinion, the public are getting perfectly 'fed up' with pneumatic tyres, what with their horrible cost, and their unreliability, and——"

"Did you see the Palmer tyre? That wheel they kept bouncing up and down quite got on my nerves?"——

"Yes, it ought to be very good, but——"

"I shall try them on my dear Gladiator. No solids for *me*, thank you."

"Pneumatics are all right for *you*, Belinda; you only go out in fine weather——"

"I know—well—I'm very tired, and very sleepy——"

"Thank you *so* much."

"I didn't mean that, although you *do* bore me most frightfully when you rave about solid tyres, I'm going to have a round to-morrow with one of my Golfing Editors. After all—there is *something* to be said for the French—*I* like French frocks, frills, hats, cooking—*and* motor-cars."

"Oh—that settles it."

"Yes—*good*-night."

"Good-night."

C. G. Matson.

Why £2,000?

By the way, why does any car cost £2,000? It cannot be the engine. A good sized single cylinder with piston complete only costs £20 retail to the public. Is it the wheels? Nothing peculiar about *them*. Nor the tyres, these are always "taken from our ordinary stock." The frame is just an ordinary looking frame, so with the gear. Can it be the coach work of the body? No, there *is* nobody when one comes to think of it. Why should the cost of four cylinders mounted on a frame soar up to these dizzy sums? One cannot tell. A friend of mine, a jobber in the Kaffir Circus, says he wishes he was a "Bull of" big motors, instead of Rand Mines—more "fat" on them—so he *says*!

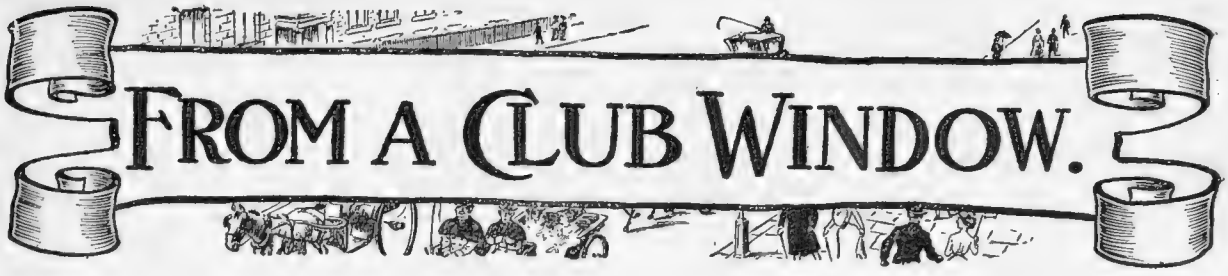
"Crossley's Gas Engines"

One of the most interesting items of information in connection with the motor industry in this country is that Crossley Brothers, the world-famous Openshaw firm, whose gas engines are renowned all over the civilised world, have now decided to go in largely for the manufacture of motors. It is to be remembered that the petrol engine is a gas engine pure and simple, petrol being merely a gas, which is easily carried about, in a very condensed form, as a spirit. What Messrs. Crossley do not know as regards gas engines may safely be neglected, and as they have put down works and plant to the value of £30,000, to produce the light motor, we may await the result with considerable confidence. Three of the Crossley cars were on view at the Crystal Palace Show, and gained no small amount of attention.

C. G. M.

The Doom of the Horse

The doom of the horse is sealed in Mayfair. Electricity is to take his place. Our illustration shows one of the largest and most famous jobbing stables in Curzon Street, where a large number of horses were formerly stabled. Now nothing is shown but electric broughams



A New Nickname

Sir Gilbert Parker has added yet another terror to the Fiscal Question. Free Fooders, Whole Hoggers, Parrots, Devonshires, C.B.-ites—these were words which pained at first: now we read them without the slightest tremor. But just as the whole matter seemed likely to pass away with all its shibboleths, Sir Gilbert Parker comes forward and says that Free Fooders must be nicknamed "Little Marys." Really, he declares, he cannot see how any other name can be applied to them. Even those who continue to see this grim necessity will regret that Fate (in the form of Sir Gilbert) did not impose some less hackneyed catchword.

And Some Time-worn Tags

What will the *Saturday Review* say? "Little Mary," which is thus rejuvenated, figured in its recent list of worn-out tags, the use of which is said only to show when the writer has ceased to think. Really, this is very stern! The *Saturday* forbids us to speak of things "increasing by leaps and bounds," of Parthian darts, of Homeric laughter, or of Sturm und Drang. Yet all these have their uses. Of course, one wouldn't sandwich them into "precious" essays, but they are useful on occasions when one's sole desire is to be explicit. Everyone understands the meaning of "the sword of Damocles," while a longer and less trite expression might be misunderstood. But the *Saturday* seems to imagine that the users of these "tags" think themselves mighty clever. As a matter of fact, writers surely use them merely as counters, just as they might choose a word. To write "intelligent anticipation of events" is to make no greater claim to originality than to write "although." Still, I grant that "Little Mary" needs a rest.

The Leap Year Peril

Unwittingly, perhaps, another popular novelist has since used a second phrase from this journalistic *index expurgatorius*. Miss Helen Mathers, drawn into the Leap Year discussion, writes thus to the *Daily Mail*: "My advice to all girls about to propose is *Punch's* immortal 'Don't'." The advice is excellent, and the prohibition is more worthy than in its first context; but, perhaps, from a novelist one might have expected its form would be more novel.

The Fighting Physician

"A well-known West End physician" has been unbosoming himself to a contemporary as to the physical condition of the race. It seems that he considers us too civilised; we ought to fight out our little quarrels with our neighbours in the refreshing manner of our ancestors and of our cognate chimpanzees. Probably the well-known West End physician has never noticed the action of the police force during these athletic fixtures. But he is essentially strenuous. Every man, he says, should be able to lift his wife shoulder high without a strain. This, of course, is terribly against the chances of a "Du Maurier girl," and is an added responsibility of marriage.

> "Moderns are weaklings,"—so the catchword runs.
> Well, let cranks mutter! 'Tis no laggard's life,
> Where every father has to raise his sons
> And lift his wife!

Suburban Chivalry

Really, the race will soon be becoming muscular and lusty, as in the good old days that never were. There is the Physical Culture craze, there is Ambidexterity, and there is the Olympia Tourney. The notion of chivalric jousts in Addison Road is really too humorous for anything. Yet the last attempt to revive mediæval duellos was quite damped by unceasing rain; so that Olympia seems a happy choice for next May's contest. In old days these affairs took place beneath the sun; but now that there is no sun, thick glass seems the safest substitute. And so beneath the glaring arc-lights, that so lately shone upon the wrestlers, blood will be spilled, lance crash with helm (for three days only), while fair ladies eye their champions with looks of love. It will quite eclipse the loopéd loop.

Morbid Pleasures

The death of the girl who used to loop upon a motor-car has drawn attention to dangerous amusements. I have never contrived to fathom (without turning cynic) the pleasure in "turns" where men risk their lives or animals are bullied. To throw daggers at, or to balance bar-bells over a man is no more clever than to throw at, or balance over, a sack of potatoes; and the danger which attracts the audience cannot be hugely elevating. The delight of the audience is wont to evaporate when aerial gymnasts do their flights exactly over the stalls without a net. It probably shows a sad lack of humour to be bored by elephants thrust down a greasy chute, or by bears chained to the roof and wrestling with unfettered men: but "them's my sentiments." Meantime, despite the talking, the turns continue. Probably, soon after they have been taken off the programme from mere age, they will be forbidden!

D. C.

The Play in London

By "SNEER"

SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—*The Critic.*

There is a curious tendency at the London theatres of to-day which has hardly received from the critics the attention it deserves. I mean the practice of importing a music-hall "turn" into our West End programmes in place of the usual "first piece." The critics have long ago remarked on the close approximation of the modern musical comedy to a variety show, and remarked on it with regret. But the introduction of the variety artist into the theatre as a prelude to comedies by dramatists of considerable position is a new and very remarkable development. Yet at the first production of Captain Marshall's *Duke of Killicrankie*, at the Criterion, the place of the "curtain-raiser" was taken by an American humorist with a musical sketch. Whilst at the Duke of York's, the other night, when I paid a second visit to *Captain Dieppe*, I found the play preceded by comic songs by the Dandies Quartette.

This seems to me to be carrying the principle of reciprocity between the theatres and the music-halls rather far; but unless the Press and the public resent the practice I don't know that anything will stop it. If a variety theatre ventures to produce a "sketch" which is considered to have attained the limits of a "stage play," the Theatrical Managers' Association prosecutes, the magistrate inflicts fines, and all is supposed to be well. For myself, I am rather sorry that the Theatre of Varieties Managers' Association (if it exists) cannot set to and prosecute those West End theatres which poach on their preserves and use a preliminary music-hall "turn" to strengthen the attractions of legitimate drama. If I am to listen to the efforts of variety artists at all, I would rather do it in the comfort of a variety theatre, with the solace of a cigarette.

The matter, of course, is not, in itself, of first-rate importance, but it is noteworthy as a sign of the times. For what it means is that the managers cannot get good one-act plays, or believe they cannot. It is, in fact, tantamount to a flag of distress, and constitutes yet one more symptom of the poverty of the modern British drama of which we are always hearing so much. The reason of this poverty, in the case of one-act plays, is obvious enough. Capable people don't write "curtain-raisers," because managers won't pay adequately for them. For years it has been the custom of West End managers to despise the curtain-raiser as a thing of no importance. It was merely something to play the stalls into their seats and keep pit and gallery quiet. There was no use in spending money on it. Something cheap and obvious would answer the purpose. So cheap farces, cheaply cast and acted, were the order of the day, and the obvious consequences followed.

They were these. In the first place, the farces were so bad that they entirely failed to "play the stalls into their seats," for the simple reason that the stalls took good care to postpone their arrival till they were well over. It is always difficult to get the holders of reserved seats into their places at a theatre. No sooner have they booked a seat, apparently, than they are seized with an unconquerable disinclination to occupy it. So they usually turn up half-way through the first act of the principal play. But if the first piece were of sufficient merit to compete in interest with that play, not only would it enthral the pit and gallery, but it might even fill the stalls before it was two-thirds finished. And what a splendid thing that would be for the longer play which followed! This, however, seems never to have occurred to our managers, who, as a rule, select a first piece which is perfectly despicable, with the result that the stalls, with great good sense, resolutely absent themselves from it. That is the first consequence of this policy, and it explains the late arrivals at our theatres.

Another consequence is that there are now no new one-act plays of merit to be had. The managers have starved the goose, and there are no longer any eggs. Men who ought to be writing one-act plays now write short stories or become journalists or otherwise support themselves by honest toil, and the theatre goes a-begging. So bare, indeed, is the managerial cupboard of anything like a decent "curtain raiser," that when Miss Muriel Wylford, at the Avenue, produced Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Man of Honour*, she could find nothing better to put before it than a one-act farce (also by Mr. Maugham) called *Mademoise le Zampa*, one of the very worst curtain-raisers ever presented on any stage.

I will not labour the point further. I will only point out that the writing of one-act plays provides excellent training for the aspiring dramatist who wants to write longer ones, and that if managers really do want good new plays by English writers, as I am assured they do, they might do worse than accept and put up a few first pieces by young or untried authors, "to encourage the others." If, on the other hand, they continue to go to the variety artists to provide them with a substitute for a curtain raiser, they will destroy one of the training grounds of dramatic authors, and ultimately, in despair of finding dramas to their liking, may have to go to the variety artist for a substitute to the play as well.

Forthcoming events in the theatrical world are not very many just now. After the big crop of a couple of weeks ago I am not sorry for the rest. But one or two may be mentioned, to wit, the Richard Mansell benefit to-morrow afternoon at the Adelphi, and a special *matinée* of a new play by Miss Norah Keith and Mr. Murray Carson, at Wyndham's, on Friday.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA

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Summer—Chorus of Wood Nymphs—One of the Most Lovely Tableaux of an Artistic Ballet

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"In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love"

THE OXFORD TORPIDS IN FLOOD TIME

Coaches and Starters Wading along the Towing-path

The Torpids were rowed in fine but cold weather. The floods had subsided very little, and the towing-path was flooded below the O.U.B.C. boathouse. Coaches and starters of the crew had a bitterly cold time running through the floods

New College, University, and Brasenose Eights

THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE COURSING SEASON

The Winner: Mr. E. Herbert's Homfray

The Runner-Up: Mr. H. T. Michel's Minchmuir

This year's contest for the Waterloo Cup was full of surprises, the climax being reached when two totally unsupported dogs gained the two first places. In fact, on the night of the draw odds of 200 to 1 were obtainable against the winner, while odds of 1,000 to 15 were obtainable against the runner-up. The photograph of Minchmuir was taken after a run

A Snapshot, Taken on the Course, of the Duke of Leeds, a Prominent Supporter of the Waterloo Cup Meeting

The Duke is seen leaning on one of the portable seats used in shooting

WOMEN'S PASTIMES

Fencing

An international competition for lady fencers is a novelty; judging by the success that attended this first competition it should not be long before fencing is adopted as one of our accepted exercises of women's skill. There was a very representative entry at the contests, held at the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, in the club dining-room, on February 17, which included three ladies from France. The chief success of the day was won by Miss Editha Knocker, a member of the Yorkshire Ladies' Fencing Club, a strong and clever fencer who uses her left hand, which is disconcerting to her adversaries. Miss Knocker took the first prize with 15 points. The second prize was won by Mlle. Marcelle de Bonfanti with 12 points, one of the most promising of M. Volland's pupils. She has learnt fencing only six months and shows great dexterity. Miss Julia Johnston (London) was third with 9 points; Miss Amy Moore (Yorkshire) fourth with 8 points; Miss Dorothy Johnston (London) fifth with 7 points; and the sixth best was Miss Florence Carter (Oxford) with 5 points. Miss Felicity Romilly won the special prize for the best style, her fencing being both graceful and steady, and the second prize for style was awarded to Mrs. E. Walter Richard. Among the other ladies competing were two more from Yorkshire L. F. C., Miss Eva Cliff and Miss Gladys Tetley. The arrangements were in the hands of Mrs. Dundas and Col. Transome, and the judges were Miss Toupie Lowther and Colonel d'Aumade, Military Attaché of the French Embassy. Among the visitors present who take a keen interest in fencing were Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Jane Taylor, and Baroness Meyer. On Saturday night, February 20, an interesting display took place in the Empress Rooms, when Miss Toupie Lowther gave a good exhibition of skill against Captain Senat, the winner of the gentlemen's contest, and a silver-mounted *epée d'honneur* was presented to Miss Lowther in acknowledgment of the great encouragement she has giving to fencing in England. Then came the exhibition match between the first and second prize-winners, Miss Editha Knocker and Mlle. de Bonfanti, in which Miss Knocker's left-handed play gave her the advantage, and she won by two points to one. This assault-at-arms proves that Englishwomen have already attained a high position in the fencing world, and should be a great stimulus to the sport.

Badminton

The Irish Badminton Championship takes place this week in Dublin, and will be played on the Earlsford Terrace Rink on March 3, 4, and 5. The ladies' events include mixed doubles and ladies' doubles for the Championship of Ireland.

Rifle-shooting

The growth of ladies' rifle clubs is a thing of very recent date, but their numbers are increasing steadily. Miss Grimwood has succeeded in inaugurating a Brighton Rifle Club, which is affiliated with the Horsham Rifle Club previously founded by her. The range is a Morris tube, the rifle a light Martini-Henry, and smokeless powder is used. Many ladies in Sussex are taking an interest in rifle-shooting, and among those who are supporting the new club are the Marchioness of Ely, Hon. Mrs. Campion, and Hon. Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth, Mrs. Gordon Dill, Mrs. Reed Carr, and Miss Hitchins. Another proof of the growing popularity of rifle-shooting for ladies is the Ladies' Rifle Shooting Club at Burslem, in the "Potteries" part of Staffordshire. The ladies of Burslem have arranged a series of matches with the North Staffordshire Morris Tube League, which will encourage the healthy rivalry between the districts.

Golf

Some interesting golfing events fixed for this month are the Essex County Club competition in aid of the County Club funds, which will be held on the Romford links on March 24. Miss Du Cane and Miss Harris (captain of the Essex Club) are giving prizes. The Kent Coronation Medal will be played for at Rochester on March 25, score play 18 holes under L.G.U. handicap, and every competitor must have her handicap certified by the L.G.U. handicap managers.

The Midland Ladies' Championship meeting will be held at King's Norton on May 26 and 27. Prince's Ladies' Club holds its Open Spring meeting on May 17, 18, and 19; and its mixed foursome tournament on April 11.

Some recent golf medal competitions are: Ilkley, L.G.C. February medal was won by Mrs. Gilmour; the Royal Blackheath, by Miss Y. Spurling; Brighton and Hove, by Miss Burr; Chislehurst, by Mrs. Stanley Stubbs; Formby, by Miss Carr; Mid-Surrey Seniors, by Mrs. Hills; Juniors, by Miss Hemingway; Paisley, by Miss Carrie Rowat; Burntisland's Silver Cup, by Miss Cunningham.

The first Irish inter-club match this year was Armagh *v.* Greenore, Armagh winning easily by 15 to 3. For Armagh played Miss D. Griffiths, 4; Miss Griffiths, 1; Miss Faris, 3; Miss Burke, 4; and Miss Gray, 3; total, 15. Greenore: Miss Kirkpatrick, 0; Miss P. Moore, 3; Miss Harvey, 0; Miss Atkinson, 0; Miss Harris, 0; total, 3.

L. C. S.

THE MISSING SPEECH

It was half expected that the Lord Chancellor would speak in the evening, but when he returned to the Woolsack after dinner his notes were lost. Nowhere about his robes, in his hat, or on the great red bench could they be found. Lord Halsbury stepped to the floor and directed the search, while an attendant turned everything upside down, and a noble earl on his knees peeped under the Woolsack itself. All efforts were unavailing, and the speech stands over.—From the *Daily Mail*, February 19.

[From a Sketch by our Irreverent Artist.]

The Connoisseur.

Wedgwood Medallions

(Continued from last issue)

One of the most frequently imitated of the famous Wedgwood Medallions is that of the "Bacchanalian Boys." This design, which we give, has been reproduced by the various potters in hundreds of ways. The modeller of the group and the author of the original drawing was that Lady Diana Beauclerk, on whose work a recent sumptuous volume has been published. Mr. Church reminds us that there is a particularly fine example of this design in the Victoria and Albert Museum and adds:

It is of the highest quality — texture, tone, and modelling being alike excellent. Bought in the year 1855, before the period when the productions of Josiah Wedgwood had regained the appreciation of connoisseurs, it was acquired for a few shillings. It is worth while comparing it with the copy made by Josiah Spode a few years subsequently, an example of which will be found on a jug of brown earthenware in the same museum.

Wedgwood Medallion, "Bacchanalian Boys." White and Black Jasper. From Modelled Design by Lady Diana Beauclerk

It is an easy step from the medallions to the plaques used so largely in the ornamentation of the beautiful mantelpieces of the period—a special subject, on which Mr. Frederick Rathbone, of South Kensington, is an expert. The example we give from Mr. Church's book is the very favourable one of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche—an enlarged copy of the famous Marlborough Cinquecento gem. These examples, like all those of the best of Josiah's work, show fine feeling and a taste somewhat in advance of its period. Indeed, to all who have studied Wedgwood's work and life and times, or to those who follow the simpler and more agreeable and equally effective course of reading the book of which we write, it will be apparent that this great potter possessed an exquisite and ample soul. Within the rough exterior of a capable business man, who was artist and artisan, too, lay the heart of the romantic genius, the aspirant of ultimate beauty. He knew the sordid side of life extremely well, but he understood—

> The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar,
> From the sphere of our sorrow.

His was an individuality.

An Individuality

In the long list of eighteenth century names which have gone to make the technical qualities of English pottery famous, no one name is so well known to the man in the street as that of Josiah Wedgwood. The others have passed. The two Elers, who came from Amsterdam, and settled near Burslem about 1690, and who may be taken to have laid the foundation stone of the long flourishing trade of the potteries, are pretty generally forgotten. The improvements, however, which they introduced, spanned the gulf which lay between the coarse and massive ware of the early seventeenth century and the grace which often marks the work of the following hundred years. A little later John Astbury was of the Dutchmen's factory, and, as the result of frequent experiments, made fresh discoveries, and, in due season, handed on the light to his son Thomas. This is the potter who first produced that "cream colour" which afterwards became so popular in the accomplished hands of Wedgwood, and formed the great attraction of his widely appreciated "useful" wares. Enoch Booth, Ralph Shaw, and Ralph Daniel, and John and

Thomas Wedgwood—to mention only a few little remembered names—carried forward the practice of experimental inquiry with results that have greatly benefited English pottery.

Biographical

But the fortunes of Josiah powerfully overshadow them all. As Professor Church says:

Working under happier circumstances than those of his predecessors, with a keener sense of what was beautiful and appropriate, with more untiring industry and greater commercial aptitude, aided, moreover, by accomplished advisers, Wedgwood became the chief agent in the transformation of an entire manufacture. The year 1760, when he may be regarded as having become thoroughly established as a master-potter, marks the boundary between that which is crude and archaic and that which is refined and modern.

He was pinched for means, but with some aid, one supposes, from his distant cousins, John and Thomas, he obtained the premises known as Ivy House Works, at Burslem. Here a rapidly-extending business was founded and the fortunes of this kindly, generous, and gifted man were at last free to form themselves. Here he was at once an idealist and the best workman in his factory. An artist and an artisan. Although there is now what may be called a mass of Wedgwood "literature"—from the "Life" and the "Handbook" of the late Miss Meteyard to the folio of coloured plates by Mr. F. Rathbone, whose admirable catalogues of such collections as those of Mr. A. Sanderson and of the Tangye examples are well known—no more delightful and informing work on the subject has been produced than Professor

Wedgwood Plaque, "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche. Blue and White Jasper. From the Cinquecento Marlborough Gem

The early biography of the famous potter gives us the not uncommon picture of an enthusiastic and clever innovator struggling against local prejudices and hampered by the need of capital. He was of a race of potters, but his father John died early, and his first master and brother Thomas had little sympathy apparently with Josiah's skill and intelligence in his craft. His first partnership with Alders and Harrison was a failure; his second with Whieldon, of Fenton, thought by Professor Church to have lasted six years, was an upward move. The next was to establish himself, in a very small way in business, alone, and in the year 1759, then twenty-nine years of age, he was a master-potter with merely a local reputation.

Church's sympathetic epitome of an art and an epoch which he has studied with scientific persistence and the elegant enthusiasm of an ardent connoisseur. The volumes of artistic monographs which Messrs. Seeley call "The Portfolio" have long held the attention of all interested in art, but among many charming volumes—from Mr. Cyril Davenport's "Cameos" to Mr. Phillips's "Watteau"—to mention only two that have most emphatically appealed to us—the "Josiah Wedgwood," with its succinct biography, clearly demonstrated technical knowledge, and warm appreciation of the best of the potter's work, is perhaps the most valuable of this agreeable series. E. M

Flounces and Fashion

Some Motoring Novelties

My title is a statement that there are still novelties to be found, and as no statement is of any use without a proof I will proceed to describe some new ideas for the comfort of female motorists which I saw yesterday at Thomas's, 32, Brook Street.

Heading the list, I felt, should be found a hat, and on my expressing this opinion I was immediately shown a new headgear which Mr. Thomas had just taken out a patent for. The model I was shown was of the beef-eater persuasion, made in white serge and bound with pale green leather, with two straps, about four inches wide, also bound with leather, which buttoned with two green buttons. On windy days these straps can be passed through slits and fastened under the chin. For extra comfort when travelling on dusty roads a curtain can be fastened on to the back and sides of this hat with those metal fasteners so often to be found on gloves. This curtain bears a piece of wide ribbon, which fastens under the chin in a smart bow. A broad-brimmed hat, to wear with the fashionable wide coiffure, was also of white, with a broad band and large rosette of soft suède.

As to coats for motoring, a boon has appeared, in the form of a vicuna coat made in many colours, the one I was shown being in snuff-brown, with a thick lining in mauve and brown check. This coat has the double advantage of being thick, and yet, at the same time, is very light and easy to slip on; the collar is large, and, when turned up and fastened by the patent tab fastener, it forms a complete protection to the mouth and ears.

An improved Inverness cape comes next on my list, buttoning down the front, while a long cape comes well over the shoulders, and can be thrown back while playing golf or hockey. The collar, again, fastens with a tab, as do most of Mr. Thomas's motoring coats. The Field coat, which can be worn in three different ways, is being made for motoring wear—evidently for a dame who has no objection to a cleaner's bill—in white serge, with a large collar of pale blue, which, when worn open, is fastened down by small gilt buttons, and, when shut, folds over the chest like a small vest. This coat can be worn quite as effectively gathered into the waist with a narrow blue leather belt, or allowed to hang quite straight from the yoke in long box-pleats, lending themselves amiably to the lines of the figure in either form.

Two Smart Designs for Ladies' Motoring Coats

A long coat of Venetian blue cloth next presented itself to my notice, it bore a cape which easily detached and was fastened down the front with buttons of hand-wrought silver, with a blue enamel centre. Still, in spite of the terrible way in which the cheap shops have distorted it, we do remain faithful to the surtout militaire; and Mr. Thomas, who was the original inventor, declares that his orders for this popular coat, which he makes from 5½ guineas, have not abated.

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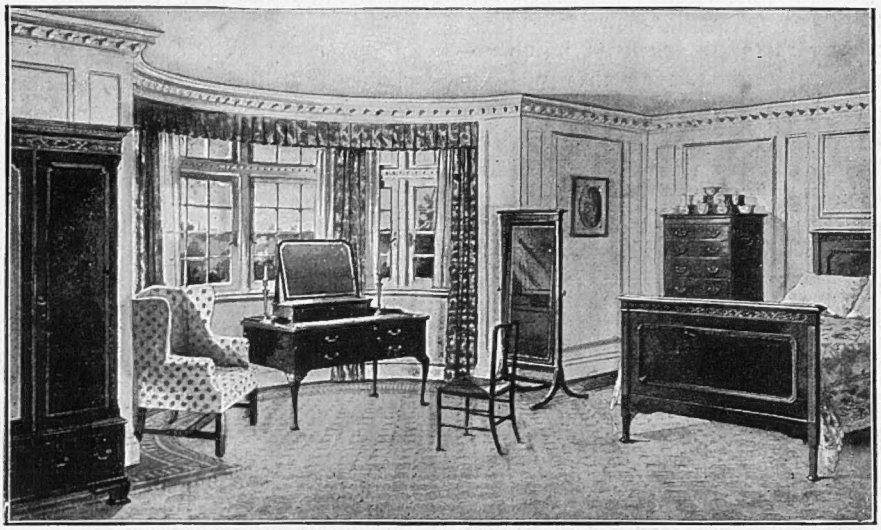

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But all good things bear improvement, and this has been improved upon in the form of the Cuirasse coat, which is shown upon a previous page in both its open and shut form. The real cuirasse is a detachable vest coming well below the waist, while another great advantage of this garment is that the cuffs can be made to fasten quite tightly round the wrist.

England should feel honoured. A large American firm, wishing to give its customers the latest models, has, with wonderful good sense, placed a large order with Mr. Thomas for motoring garments, which no doubt will serve to prove the saying that "Merit will out."

I am asked to mention, for the benefit of readers residing in the Midlands, that on March 8 and 9 Mr. Thomas will personally superintend an exhibition of ladies' motoring garments at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, where orders can be given for any kind of sporting costume.

In conclusion, I would call to your notice the fact that all clothes for motoring, or any other sport, emanating from 32, Brook Street are rendered waterproof by a new process that does not affect the material in any way, and most especially is it effective for the chiffon veiling, of which Mr. Thomas keeps a large and varied stock. NITA.

THE TOILET TABLE

The question yet remains, how to get rid of our superfluous fat, and various doctors and specialists answer this in various ways, some advising us to starve, while others would counsel our returning to a state of cannibalism and living on raw meat. No doubt both of these ways are useful, though they seem so opposed to one another. Personally, I am a believer in the good offices of hot water drinking early in the morning and late at night. I know a case in which this was followed with excellent results, and the subject, or the patient, lost a stone and a half in a month. However, this was attended by the taking of constant exercise, such as golf, hard walking, etc., but it proved that in the interests of the *corsetière* there is no necessity to starve.

The hot-water cure may prove very unpalatable, and many prefer to take it with the juice of half a lemon, which may be sweetened, and as sugar is, as far as possible, a prohibited luxury, those little tabloids of saccharine should be employed in its place, these containing none of the fattening qualities of sugar, and more than all its sweetness.

The hot water should be taken at least half an hour before breakfast, and, if the case is very bad, it may well be repeated before lunch and before dinner also. A teacupful is generally supposed to be a sufficient quantity, and, in fact, if more be taken, it is apt to prove very injurious to the digestion.

A word as to the other side of the question. For the thin, who wish to become fat, milk should be their staple diet in many and various forms, while an egg beaten up in it, though a sickly potion, would no doubt result in making the drinker fairly fat if taken regularly for a few weeks and accompanied by massage, as much rest as possible, and a regular daily dose of maltine and cod-liver oil. N.

THE MENU

This week I hope my readers may find a few recipes useful for cakes and sandwiches for an "At-Home."

One is always glad to hear of something fresh, and although cakes can always be bought at the best shops, such as Buszard's, Fuller's, or Harrods', one likes the home-made article occasionally. These are quite simple, and really very good.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Half-a-pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 6oz. grated chocolate, 4oz. flour, 4oz. sweet almonds, 12 drops vanilla essence, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 3 eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, add by degrees the sugar, chocolate, and the yolks of the eggs, beating briskly all the time. Have the almonds ready blanched and chopped; stir them in; add the flour, and beat very thoroughly for ten minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a solid froth, stir them in, add the vanilla essence and the baking powder; pour into a tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Ice with water icing.

CHERRY CAKE

Three-quarters of a pound Vienna flour, ½lb. butter, 6oz. sifted sugar, ¾lb. crystallised cherries, 3 eggs, ¼ pint milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 tablespoonful of brandy. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs and flour alternately, then the milk and brandy, the cherries cut in halves, lastly the baking powder. Pour into a buttered tin lined with paper and bake one hour and a half. Cover with icing when cold.

CORNISH GINGERBREADS

1lb. treacle, ½lb. butter, ½lb. lemon peel, 1½lb. flour, 1oz. ginger, 1 desse tspoonful carbonate soda, 1 teaspoonful powdered ammonia, 1 pennyworth powdered cinnamon, 1 lb. brown sugar. Warm the treacle and butter, and mix well together, and then mix with the flour and other ingredients; flour board, and rolling pin thoroughly; roll out as thin as possible, and stamp into rou ds. Bake in a quick oven.

LITTLE ALMOND CAKES

3oz. sweet almonds, 1oz. butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, 1½ of the white of 2 eggs beaten to a froth; all to be well beaten together, and baked in rather a quick oven. Four ounces of dessicated cocoanut instead of the almonds is also very good.

TEA CAKES

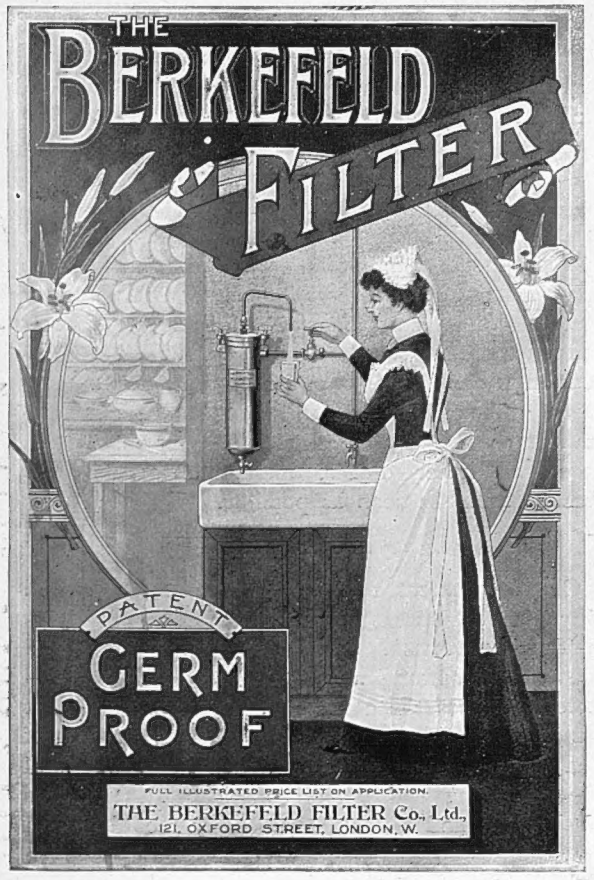
One pound flour, ¼lb. butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three eggs, 3oz. castor sugar, 1oz. grated lemon peel, a little salt. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the dry ingredients; beat the eggs with a little milk, and mix with the flour, etc. Butter a flat tin, put on in single heaps, and bake half an hour.

SARDINE SANDWICHES

Cut some slices of thin bread and butter, and put the following mixture on each side. Bone and pass through a sieve—twelve sardines, the yolks of two hard boiled eggs and a nice piece of butter. Add some finely chopped parsley, season highly with black pepper and cayenne, and well mix together. Cut the sandwiches into oblong shapes and serve with cress or lettuce in the middle.

ICING FOR CAKES

One egg, ½ lb. icing sugar, one teaspoonful lemon juice, six drops orange flower or rose water. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, add lemon juice, rose water, the sugar, and continue beating until stiff, smooth, and snow-white. If the icing is not stiff enough, add a little more sugar and ¼ teaspoonful of powdered starch or arrowroot. The icing to be spread on the cake with a knife dipped in water. This icing may be coloured with Marshall's harmless vegetable colours, price eightpence per bottle, carmine, sap-green, and saffron. A bag and small cone are sold by tinsmiths for piping the icing, or a set of icing tubes at the stores costs three shillings and sixpence. EMILIA.



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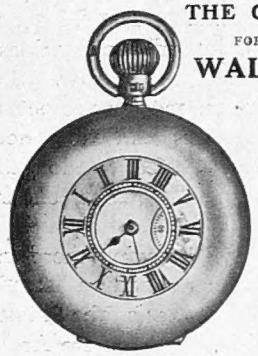

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Open Letter

SIR,—In your issue of February 17 you reproduce two very good photographs taken in Kairouan, but your correspondent is wrong regarding two points. First, the non-admittance of Christians to the Mosque, and second, the danger of producing cameras and taking snapshots. All the mosques in Kairouan are open to visitors. It is the only city in Tunisia where this is the case, and the reason is that at the time of the French occupation, 1881, Kairouan voluntarily surrendered. There are upwards of six hundred mosques, some of which, especially that of the Jemaät-es-Sahebi, or Mosque of the Barber, said to be the burying-place of Abdulla ibn-Zemaa el Beloni, one of the prophet's barbers. This mosque contains most beautiful mosaics. The Mosque Sidi Okba is the largest, but for internal beauty does not compare with the Mosque of the Barber. So long as the traveller visiting these mosques respects the customs in removing his shoes and does not walk on the prayer mats, he has perfect freedom to inspect the buildings and take photographs, either inside or outside the mosques.

I took a number of photos while staying there in 1897, with both a hand camera and a stand camera. Without doubt Kairouan is the most interesting Arab city in Tunisia, being purely Arab within the walls, a few modern French buildings being outside, including a very comfortable hotel. The whole country round from Kairouan, in fact, scattered all through Tunisia, is dotted with splendid Roman remains, the finest of which the writer and several others together visited, forming a caravan and making Kairouan the starting-place, visiting among other places the Roman amphitheatre at El Djem, the ancient Roman city of Sbeitla, with its wonderfully preserved temples, arches, and aqueducts, Sbiba, Macktan, Lanfour, Dongga, Teboursonk, and Carthage, etc., etc.

Photographer Readers Please Note!

With the advent of Spring with its (let us hope) brighter and drier days, BYSTANDER readers will hunt up their photographic outfits from the lumber of the dark-room and get everything into working order again. In this connection we hope to be able to announce shortly full details of a Photographic Competition which will be run for our readers in these pages. Valuable prizes will be given, and photographer readers will do well to keep their eye on this page for further details, meanwhile getting into practice again as soon as possible.

Our Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, is another of the Phil May series which has been a feature of recent issues of THE BYSTANDER. Mr. Ritchie may be reckoned one of the few strong men in the Conservative party—at least he has the courage of his opinions. Last year, it will be remembered, he resigned the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, his views on the Fiscal question being a matter of conscience. At the age of sixty-five, and with a Parliamentary record second in usefulness to none, he still believes that Cobden and Bright said all there is to say on the question of Protection.

The present number completes Vol. I. of THE BYSTANDER. Those of our readers who still require numbers to complete the volume should order them immediately from the Publisher. Readers are advised, with the commencement of Volume II. (March 9), to order their copies regularly each week, as back numbers are not always obtainable.

MR. AITCHISON'S
"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 1: "OLD SIGHT, or Presbyopia."

The symptoms of old sight are tolerably well known, but the mistake is to suppose that it must necessarily show at a definite age. It may become noticeable at any time from thirty-five to forty-five, according to the health and constitution of the person. The first signs are that the eyes get tired after a spell of reading or needlework, the letters or stitches run into one another, and there is an inclination to say how bad the gas or oil must be to give such a poor light. Also, it is found necessary to hold the book or work farther away than formerly; headaches next morning are often the result of a little work done in the evening. These signs should not be neglected. A pair of good glasses properly fitted will preserve the eyes, and with careful treatment and regular periodical examination the sight may be preserved to old age with very little deterioration.

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